MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN Vol 16 No 12 £1·30p

WHAT A CRACKER!
200 Great Pages and Eight Xmas Belles

TOP 40: OUR BIGGEST EVER
GIRL OF THE YEAR CAVALCADE

COUNT ZICHY: MY ZANY FLYING DAYS

MORE OF MICHELLE:
OUR COVERGIRL UNCOVERED

THE TRUTH BEHIND BORLEY RECTORY:
BRITAIN'S MOST HAUNTED HOUSE

SOUTH SEA BUBBLES:
IT'S BOUNTIFUL ROBINA

FUN TO PLAY WITH:
OUR DOLLY FROM THE TOYSHOP

STAR ATTRACTIONS:
WHEELER'S STEAM ILLUSTRATIONS

SWEET AND WARMING:
THE BIRD FROM THE BOURNVITA TIN

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BOTTOMS UP: IT'S HARRIET FROM THE OFF-LICENCE

BOLT-TOGETHER BEAUTIES:
A LOOK AT CARS YOU BUILD YOURSELF

STELLA IN HER CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

WHAT EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW:
HOW TO PLEASE AN OLDER MAN

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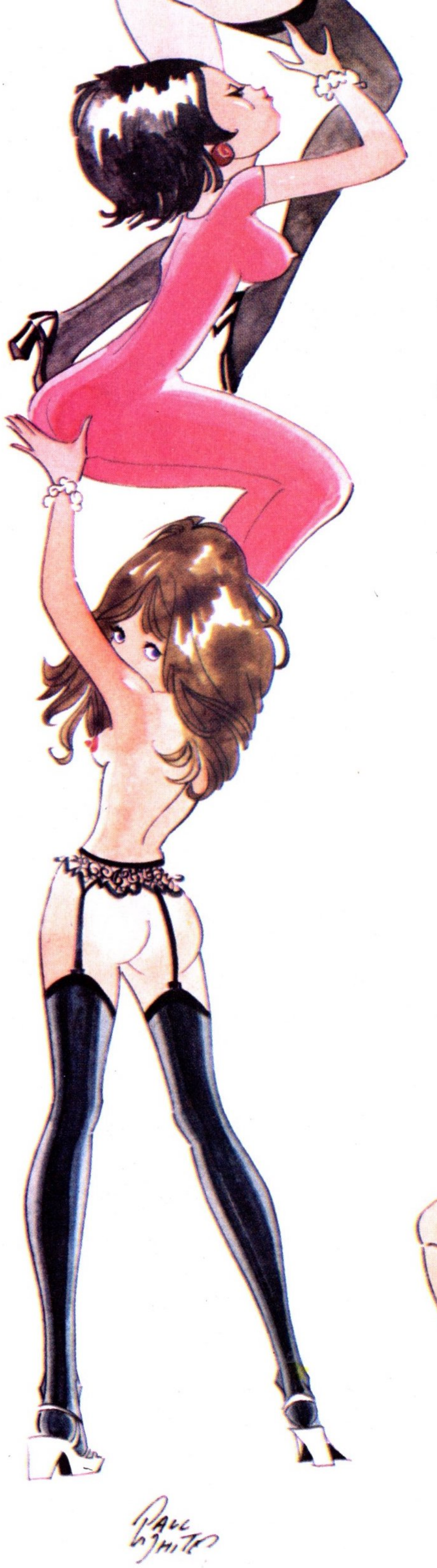

Hello and welcome to our very special Christmas issue. 200 pages crammed with the things that every man would love for Christmas. Eight gorgeous new girls beautifully bared, another 40 favourite ones featured in our biggest ever Girls of the Year Review, plus all the features and fun you have come to expect from Britain's finest men's magazine. Once again, we are pleased to include those items that are as traditional to *Mayfair* at Christmas as holly and ivy. The fine artwork of Geoffrey Wheeler for example and our irreverent look at Sherlock Holmes. This is a time for fun and celebration. With *Mayfair*'s bumper issue, we make it that much easier. A Merry Christmas from us all.

MAYFAIR

Incorporating King

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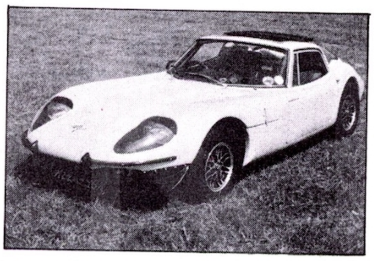

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    2. post
- Ruth Chapman as Rusty Jones
    1. post [partial]
- Stella Greenway
    1. post [partial]
- Vicci Bateman
    1. post

Stella

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

A delightful dish who is sure to please is tasty 21-year-old Stella Greenway. For as well as being marvellous to look at, Stella is a genius in the kitchen. Regularly her sexy 34-23-34 body is covered in flour as she creates a culinary masterpiece.

'I adore cookery almost as much as I like posing for photographers,' she told us. 'I don't understand why some people say it is a form of showing off. I think it is good fun. Especially wearing your sexiest clothes that give you a real thrill to wear. Take these red stockings for example. Very Christmassy, I thought, but they are also a lot of fun and I dare say I shall be wearing them on Christmas day itself. To be honest, I'm hoping that a nice man will buy some more as a present. I know they turn men on and I think that they are much more elegant than tights – don't you?' Oh, we agree, Stella, are we invited to Christmas dinner? 'Sorry. No.'

'This Christmas I shall be cooking with my girlfriend whose parents are abroad. We'll have turkey, all the trimmings and a bottle of riesling followed by an afternoon in front of the telly. That's what I call Christmas'. But doesn't this mean that poor Stella spends too much time in the kitchen? 'When I used to cook for my last boyfriend, he always bought me my favourite chocolates and was very appreciative,' she giggled. So, if you smell superb cuisine issuing from a flat in Brighton, it could just be Stella.

MICHELLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

After seeing full-breasted Michelle Roden on our Christmas cover this year, we knew you would be demanding to see more of her so here she is. There are no prizes for guessing why we picked Michelle, for with her 34D-23-34 figure she's a real Christmas cracker. She's tall as well, measuring 5 feet 7½ inches.

Our sexy 21-year-old should be familiar to readers of the *Star* for she has made an appearance as a *Starbird*. And an appearance on a well-known Page Three is in the offing for the near future. Michelle has been modelling since she left school at 16 with seven O Levels, and you might recognise her from the cover of a hi-fi magazine.

Michelle lives in Edgbaston, and if you live in the Birmingham area you might have seen her speeding around in her boyfriend's car. 'Driving is my favourite hobby, and I must admit I do tend to go a little on the fast side occasionally.' Another form of transport Michelle enjoys is riding, even if it is slower. 'I used to ride in gymkhanas and even won quite a few trophies, but I just ride for fun now.' Michelle is a great animal lover and has a collie, Jessica.

Our Fairest Forty

Review of the Girls of the Year

This year we bring you our largest-ever look back at *Mayfair*'s Girls of the Year. Forty of your favourites line up for a second time

What better way to open our choice of the Girls of the Year than with the dusky charms of Bonitaon the previous page.? She was a hit from last Christmas. Samantha (left) from V15/10 was a surfer and is also well worth a wave, whilst Renée could also be found on the beach in V15/5. Her French *savoir faire* had many sighing into their glasses of wine. Meanwhile Jill's frilly undies (right) from V15/11 tantalised readers in the same issue as the remarkable Sooty (below) whose 38-inch breasts prompted one reader to ask, 'How can she see where she's stepping?' Lets hope it is our way soon.

Melinda (left) has been a favourite each time she has appeared in the magazine and we are only too keen to show her again. Her first appearence was in V15/7 and was acclaimed by many of you. Her boyfriend is lucky, he can take pictures of her any time as he is a photographer. We're just left with this lovely pose. Below, Annette and her pert bottom had you crying for more in V15/5. Only seventeen and working in a bank – she can help us make a deposit any day. In V15/8 we featured Beverley (right) well known to drinkers in *The Surprise* pub in London where she is a dancer – custom has improved no end. Whilst if your passion is for mermaids, then how about this underwater lass? Julia unzipped her wetsuit just for us and proved that even land lubbers can suffer from the raptures of the deep. We are happy to bring her to the top (bottom right) after her splash in V15/9.

Appropriately enough Jan (above) appeared in V15/1 where her shapely behind had many readers writing and phoning for more. It's taken time, but here she is at last. She was a humble office girl, until *Mayfair* gave her a chance to show her true colours. Barbara (right) was another of our be-stockinged cuties and her appearance lying on the bed in V15/10 was just too much for one reader who wrote five times for her address. Whilst Karen, pictured far right, was another of the sensational girls from last Christmas. 38-inch breasts and, would you believe, hailing from Bristol? This full page picture of her obvious charms must have had quite an effect on the Avon and Somerset tourist industry.

If you wanted to find Alison, though, you would have to search through the thousands of fans in the Kop at Anfield. For she told us in V15/2 that she is an ardent Liverpool supporter. Lucky Liverpool. Now she's easier to find on the left. Below is Samantha from V15/12 whose hobbies revolve more around boats than boots. Her father builds them and she likes to sail them. Susie (right) also found herself surrounded by water. She 'accidently' fell in a swimming pool in V15/6. The sight of Susie in her soaking clothes proved a real turn-on for many readers and if Susie is willing to go through it all again, we'd be glad to photograph it. On her right is yet another water-baby, Kim from V15/8. But she was better prepared for her swim. A Girl of the Month and now one of the Girls of the Year, Kim is on her way to the top of the modelling world. Below her is Jade from V15/8. An unusual name but not in Hong Kong where the beautiful Eastern girl comes from. Her love of traditional Chinese clothes and customs made many men sit up. Sadly this Chinese is not to take away.

Above left is Michelle from V15/3. One of her great loves is walking her Alsatian, but, he didn't get a look-in this time around. To her right is the unforgettable shape of Jo. Her beautiful boobs shattered the scenery in V15/6 and her tanned figure was an instant success with all readers. Equally popular was Angela, (below) who appeared in V15/10. Her stockings and suspenders were the talk of October. On the right is Victoria whose station in life is in the toy department of a Leeds store. But her appearance in V15/6 made her one of our most successful top dollies.

How could anyone ever forget the classic beauty of Melanie (far left) from our V15/12? One of our best blondes and her 36-24-35 figure lingers in the memory as does her refusal at any time to wear knickers! Helen (left) is also a name to keep in mind especially if you are in need of a massage. Her Bournemouth agency is there to help aswe revealed in V15/3. Eileen the secretary gave a new meaning to touch-typing in V15/8 and strips again on the right for us now. Whilst below is Connie who proved to be a real blonde bombshell in V15/4. As well as being a great-looking girl, she is also a wine buff. To us she is a real corker and we are only too glad to pour another measure of her beauty, this year.

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Anchors aweigh again, this time with Marion, pictured left, who captains her own yacht when not posing excitingly for *Mayfair*. The body of this 23-year-old was a treat to see in V15/10 as was Sally (below left). She peeled off her cocktail dress so invitingly that we received several invitations for her to attend parties after her debut in V15/8. Antonia on her right also drew a great response. Those blue eyes – royal blue, you could say, as Antonia comes from Windsor – and ssensational 35-24-35 figure were a real breath of fresh air. 'Antonia is the best by far,' wrote one reader, seeing her in V15/5. Well she made the Top 40.

Kristansand in Norway was the birth place of Lillian Müller, pictured far left, and her Scandinavian appeal did a lot to liven up V15/9. As Margaret Nolan of TV's *Fox* did in 15/12 and does again on the top left of this page. Next to her is Jill from 15/3, a car-crazy beauty from Bradford who also merits a repeat visit. And at the foot of the page, another girl called Marion, this time from V15/4. A jazz-fanatic and superb figure, she can grace our pages or blow us a riff anytime she chooses – like right now.

Sadly the final spread of our forty favourites. Below is Sarah a popular popsie from 15/9 who pulled up her tight see-through top to reveal a little more. She's coveted by artists and sculptors alike, so join the queue. Near right is Fiona, who gave us a sly shot of her delightful *derrière* in 15/5. Don't make any remarks about her taking-off more, her father might hear. He's a pilot and may take it the wrong way. Last and far from the least of our fantastic forty is Felicity, a bronzed superbird with a fine pair of 38C's which first beguiled our readers in V15/3. What a way to wind up our Review of the Girls of the Year. Who knows what the future will bring, it's quite a standard to maintain, but one thing you can guarantee – *Mayfair* will be bringing you the best girls again next year, so let's be hearing which are your great favourites.

Mayfair 16/12 p83.jpg

VICCI

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

If you were to ask Vicci Bateman what her idea of heaven was, you would get an instant reply. 'To be stranded on a desert island surrounded by warm blue sea.' And that should come as no surprise for when shapely 36-23-25 Vicci isn't sailing, wind-surfing or water-ski-ing, she's swimming or scuba-diving instead. 'I just love splashing about,' the delightful 20-year-old told us, 'I suppose you could call me the original water-baby.'

'I first learnt to swim when I was eight, at Richmond Baths near my home in Twickenham. They had just been built then and somehow the pleasant surroundings and my love of the water took over completely. Until I was sixteen, my hair hardly had time to dry. After taking all the swimming tests, I went on to learn life-saving and got my gold medal in that when I was twelve. Mind you it wasn't all just for medals and certificates, we had a lot of fun as well. I remember one of the tests in life-saving was to swim a set distance wearing a pair of pyjamas, intended to give the feeling of swimming fully clothed. I had a pair of my father's flannelette ones which were about five sizes too big, and most of the other girls wore the same. If you had seen us standing on the edge of the pool with these gigantic, sopping wet, striped jackets and trousers on, you would have thought we must be mad. We looked more like a troop of circus clowns than a school swimming class. Mind you, so far, I've never had to rescue anyone in earnest. Or give anybody the kiss of life but at least I know the right way . . . '

Sears

These days though Vicci's aquatic tastes revolve around more exotic pastimes. She is an experienced water-skier and wind-surfer. 'I've been wind-surfing now for about five years, and I'm not too bad. Not that I get much chance to practise in Britain though, it gets too cold, and whilst I have got a wet-suit, it spoils the fun getting dressed up every time. Mind you my first attempts at wind-surfing were disastrous. I would get on the board, pull up the sail and just fall off again. So I decided that since I had paid £400 for the board, it was worth getting some lessons and a friend took me to a club on a nearby reservoir. After several hours of falling in freezing cold water, you soon get the knack! Now I take it everywhere there might be warm water around. I even took it on the photo session.' But Vicci finds her interest in water sports has other advantages. 'Oh yes you do get to meet the most attractive men, who are only too willing to give you a hand back on to your board,' she giggled. 'Perhaps all that time slopping about in those enormous wet pyjamas was worth the trouble after all!'

MANDY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

To look at these pictures of 22-year-old Mandy Harvey, you'd never guess that most of her spare time is spent dealing with worms, flies, hooks and reels. But this sexy blonde is a fishing fanatic and can usually be found on a riverbank, beach or pier.

Mandy's home town of Southampton is an ideal place for fishing, but with her 35-24-35 figure we think she is quite a catch herself. 'My personal best is a three pound sea bass, but now I have my own boat and I've been doing a lot of night fishing, so I hope to beat that.' Mandy once had an embarrassing experience when she cast out but forgot to cock the reel to release the line. 'The rod and reel flew straight into the water, and I've never heard the last of it.'

When she is not sitting on a riverbank, Mandy likes to spend time talking to her pet cockatoo called Baby. 'I looked after a neighbour's parrot for a week and taught it to eat from my hand. I liked it so much they got me one for Christmas.' Baby is allowed out of his cage and loves to sit on Mandy's shoulder or on her head and eat breakfast with her. He also talks. But Mandy's boyfriend has to beware. 'Baby gets very jealous and runs up and bites him if he kisses me.'

Mandy has had various jobs since she left school, including working as a machinist in a local factory, and even a stint as a chambermaid. 'I recently did some promotional work for the rock band called Q Tips and enjoyed that more than anything else I've ever done. It really was fun.' Apart from fishing and looking after Baby, Mandy enjoys going out for a drink in a country pub. 'There are plenty around this area in villages like Lyndhurst, Beaulieu, and at Brockenhurst.'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/MANDY HARVEY

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/MANDY HARVEY

Robina

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

On one of the idyllic Phoenix Islands in the heart of the Pacific Ocean lives 20-year-old Robina. She spends her days swimming in the tepid sea and lazing on a beach of dazzling white sand as the hot sun gives her rounded 36-24-35 figure an even richer tan. It was on the beach that Robina met regular *Mayfair* photographer Siwer Ohlsson. He was there on holiday and had no plans to do any photo sets but couldn't resist her dusky charms. He told us Robina reminded him of the curvy island beauties immortalised by the artist Paul Gaugin.

'I was flattered when Siwer asked me to pose for him because I'm a bit of a show-off and I like the idea of thousands of men all over the world looking at me,' Robina told us. 'This is such a small island there are not many boys here to choose from and they are not very sophisticated.' Robina spent three months in England when she was a teenager and her family came over to visit relations. 'We were glad to get home to the beach and the sun, but I'd love to go back for a few years. And now I've been in *Mayfair* I might perhaps be recognised.'

Robina's ambition is to do something which we take completely for granted over here – to go to a top disco. 'We have dances here, but I'd love to really dress up and go to one of those places where they have the lights and all the glamour. And it must be great when a handsome stranger asks you to dance or chats you up. I know everyone at our dances, so it's not much fun.' When it comes to sex, you'd certainly not call Robina naive. 'We look on nudity and sex as natural and wonderful. That is why I'm not in the least bit shy about showing off my body.'

OPIUM

Rusty

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ED ALEXANDER

For someone who spends her working day playing with dolls, train sets and soldiers, 21-year-old Rusty Jones has a remarkably well-developed figure. In fact with her 36-25-35 frame she could be described as quite a doll herself. Rusty works in a toyshop in her home town of Leicester, an occupation she loves.

'I must admit I do enjoy being able to play with all the new toys that come out as I'm just an overgrown kid at heart.' But Rusty says the main reason she likes her job is because she loves children. 'I have the best of both worlds – I play with the kids all day, but after work I have no responsibilities.'

Freedom is important for Rusty because she feels that while she is young she should try to experience as much as she can, specially when it comes to boyfriends. 'I honestly don't see the point in limiting myself to a relationship with one man at the moment. There are so many good-looking men around that I want to play the field a little.' But she admits that one day she would love to marry and have children.

Harriet

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

'Christmas means just one thing to me', sighed pretty Harriet Fowler. 'Alcohol!' Yet looking at Harriet's shapely 34-23-34 figure, she doesn't seem like a hardened drinker. 'Oh I'm not,' she smiled. 'It's the off licence where I work. It gets packed.' In fact the demure 20-year-old admits to being run off her feet. 'I have practically no time to enjoy Christmas, I seem to spend most of it selling whisky, gin, wine and beer to other people.'

But working in an outdoor, as the off-licence is known in Harriet's native town of Coventry, does have its compensations. 'It means that I have the afternoon to myself to do what I please. Like these photographs for instance, it has been an ambition of mine for several years. Now at last I've done it and I'm really looking forward to seeing them in the magazine. I may even show them to some of the men that come in.'

'I'd like to take up modelling full-
time but I think I shall have to stay in the off-licence for
a bit longer. But please don't tell
my stuffy old boss, I don't think that he would approve.
He doesn't even like revealing dresses!'

'Mind you there are quite a few things
that go on in the shop that the old boss wouldn't approve of.
Soda-water syphon fights are quite common, especially between John and me. He's the guy who does
all the heavy work but he has a really
zany sense of humour. I also love chatting up the customers
and leading them on. Merry Christmas.'

Lizzie

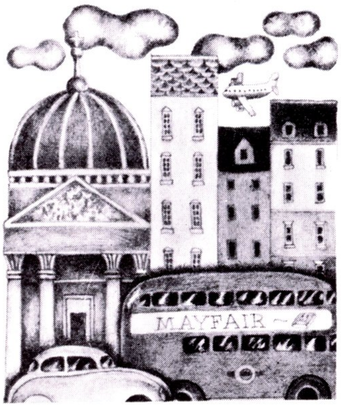
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

If you have a feeling that you've seen Lizzie Williams somewhere before, you're probably right. For this sexy 21-year-old has appeared on the packs and helped advertise many leading products from jewellery to glue. She even appeared on the Bournvita tin. But her superb 34-23-33 figure was not shown to such good advantage as it is in *Mayfair.*

Lizzie, who lives in a small village in Worcestershire, started a course studying theatre at Manchester University, but left after a year and a half because she decided it was not for her. Before taking up a professional modelling career she tried various jobs ranging from picking strawberries to go-go dancing and working for Birmingham City Council.

When it comes to relaxing, Lizzie loves music, from rock to classical. 'Genesis are my favourite band, I once queued for two days to see them in Birmingham and had to be rescued by a policeman when I was crushed by the crowd. I was taken to hospital with exposure – but I got the tickets and it was worth it.' Lizzie also enjoys cooking, specially *paella*.

SCENE



We were delighted to get one of the country's leading models, Michelle Roden, to appear on the cover of this special Christmas issue, and even more delighted when she agreed to do a photo-session for us so we could show you more of her fabulous figure. Unfortunately Michelle was adamant that no full-frontal shots of her can be shown, but we decided that didn't detract from her other stunning delights. And, of course, it is another *Mayfair* exclusive for this is the first feature on Michelle in any British magazine.

This month we are proud to feature another in our occasional series of sexy and amusing memoirs from the pen of the unusual aristocrat, Count Zichy.

His father was a Hungarian aristocrat of the old school, and his mother English, and Zichy led a riotous life of wine, women and amazing adventures in a Europe which sadly disappeared forever with the advent of the Second World War. He wrote an autobiography, *That Was No Gentleman – That Was Zichy* and now, aged 73, is still writing fascinating pieces for *Mayfair*.

It is interesting to note that the Brooklands Aero Clubhouse, scene of so many of Zichy's adventures in the '30s, may find a new lease of life as the Brooklands Museum of Aviation. It is a listed building and the current owners have at present no selected use for it. Elmbridge Borough Council are negotiating for the leasehold with the aim of turning it into a museum. Anyone interested in helping establish such a museum can contact Mrs M. Barton, Weybridge Museum, Church Street, Weybridge, Surrey.

The morning after the night before is something which we all experience at some time or other, particularly at this time of year when parties abound.

To help get over the dreaded hangover, if we are still capable of reading in that terrible fuzzy condition, Pan have just published an amusing and entertaining guide, *The Hangover Handbook* by David Outerbridge (£1.25). It is a virtual encyclopaedia of the hangover giving causes, cures, guidance as well as comments and tips on the subject from the famous. We found Robert Benchley's comment that, 'There is no cure for the hangover, save death,' a little disheartening. But our favourite cure comes from Kingsley Amis. In fact it seems so effective that we can't wait until the morning after our office party. He suggests, upon awakening, 'If your wife or other partner is beside you, and is willing, perform the sexual act as vigorously as you can. The exercise will do you good, and – on the assumption that you enjoy sex – you feel toned up emotionally.'

We've just heard an hilarious anecdote which is included in Hugh Vickers' book *Even Greater Operatic Disasters* (Jill Norman and Hobhouse, £3.95), a follow-up to his successful Great Operatic Disasters. It concerns a production of Salome in Perth, Australia, where the young producer wanted to give the audience the shock of their lives by making an exceptionally gory and revolting head of John the Baptist to be brought on for the final scene where Salome insists on kissing his mouth. But the director of the theatre board objected and finally a compromise was reached whereby the head would be carried in covered with a white cloth. Unfortunately by this time the soprano, an East German lady, had fallen out with the stage hands. On the opening night the audience was transfixed in the final scene as the silver platter bearing the head was slowly carried on, covered with the cloth. As the orchestra built up to a frenzy the moment came for Salome to snatch away the cloth to reveal . . . a plate of ham sandwiches. She collapsed in a heap of laughter and the curtain was run down.

What a shame some of you are under eighteen or over thirty.

There are some aspects of a Club 18-30 holiday we don't think it's wise to reveal.

Not because of the riotous beach parties and outrageous trips and discos, or even the lazy days and moonlit nights spent soaking up the atmosphere.

Rather, it's to spare the feelings of under eighteens who wouldn't be allowed to join in. And over thirties who simply couldn't keep up with it all.

But everyone else is in for a holiday that'll make any other seem like a prison sentence.

Our sun seekers are living it up all over the Mediterranean, as well as the Greek Islands, Portugal, Morocco and the Canary Islands. The wildly adventurous do it in the Caribbean, the Far East and the U.S.A.

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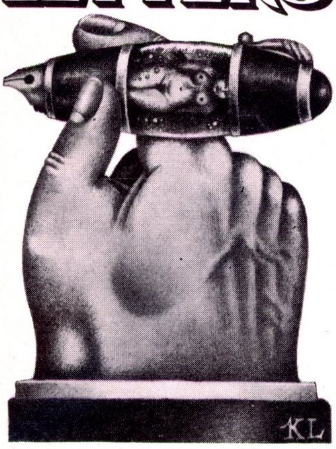
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Many thanks for showing us the photographs of Victoria Principal in Vol 16 No 10. She is every bit as attractive out of clothes as she is wearing them in the *Dallas* TV programme.

It would be great if she could be persuaded to pose for a complete *Mayfair* photoset, but the shots you published are a good alternative.

Incidentally, I wonder if any other readers spotted her on TV in September in the film *Earthquake*? I did and I sat there with my copy of *Mayfair* open in front of me, just to remind myself of some of her hidden charms. I must admit that I suffered a sort of minor earthquake myself.

B M, Slough

Some years ago I worked in the head office of an oil company. The boss's secretary, whom I shall call Paula, was a stunner. Her long shapely legs and big breasts always attracted lustful looks.

One morning I arrived early and Paula was already there, clattering away on her typewriter. 'You're an early bird,' I remarked as I flicked through the latest issue of *Mayfair*. 'Is that one of *those* magazines?' she asked curiously. 'Whatever do you see in them?' I laughed and replied, 'Lots of gorgeous girls.'

She smiled sweetly as she sauntered over to me. 'What a figure,' I sighed, admiring one model. 'Mmm. . . not bad, but I've got better boobs,' she observed. 'Rubbish,' I teased, enjoying her indignant look. She glanced round the empty office and then, to my astonishment, removed her blouse and unfastened her bra.

Cupping her hands underneath her full breasts, she held them up for my inspection. 'Like what you see?' she asked, as I goggled at the delicious offering. She stared at the bulge in my trousers. 'That's a nice compliment,' she purred as she took off her skirt. With a seductive smile she slipped down her panties. Her bush looked fluffy and her whole body was tanned a golden brown. 'I often sunbathe in the nude. So much more healthy,' the liberated lady explained. 'I'm just as nice as those magazine models, aren't I?'

I nodded dumbly as I surveyed her beautiful bared body. She relished my admiring look and then kissed me passionately. I fondled her breasts and firm buttocks. She moaned as I slipped inside her, and throughout our frenzied lovemaking she nibbled my earlobe, whispering soft threats. A shuddering climax ripped through her when, finally, I exploded.

Paula and I are now happily married, and she insisted that I write, thanking *Mayfair* for bringing us together.

P F, Glasgow

I am writing to criticise the opening words of your feature on gliding, Silent Flight in Vol 16 No 10. If this is your interpretation of real flying I must be Superman.

Surely hang-gliding must be the purest form of flight available to man, though some of our brothers in the skies would like to deny us air-space.

The progress of hang-gliders has been prominent over a relatively short period of time, and they have come a long way from the earlier models of five or six years ago. For instance, the world record hang-gliding distance now stands at 168 miles.

Having got that off my chest I would like to say that I am usually impressed with the quality of your articles. And Christopher Holmes' feature was no exception.

R Dunthorn, Aberdeen

What a joy it was to see once again those stunning shots of Bardot featured in the *Best of Mayfair*. The issue lives up to its name with that set alone, apart from all the other beautiful birds who are a delight to see again.

I think that many of today's screen goddesses, though very attractive, admittedly, pall into insignificance when compared to BB. She has a stunning sexuality which as far as I am concerned can never be equalled.

Imagine bumping into her topless on a beach in the South of France. She's France's real Golden Delicious!

A V, Norwich

A lot of people today seem to be keen on jogging, like a friend and his wife.

One evening recently I was at their house and his wife, a lovely long-legged, big-bosomed girl of 22, mentioned it.

She has a sexy voice, almost like a little girl, but she speaks in a very down to earth manner, like when the conversation turned to jogging and sex. 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'our sexual intercourse quota has dropped since we have taken to it, hasn't it,' looking at her husband. I was a little taken aback, but thought it wouldn't have done if she was my wife.

Later over a pint my friend told me that she was quite a forward girl who often took the initiative. And he told me what happened one morning recently.

He said his wife had returned home after visiting her mother for the weekend. She got back early on the Monday morning and he was still in bed when he heard a knock on the bedroom door. His wife had brought him breakfast in bed, naked except for her high-heeled shoes, black stockings and suspenders. He had missed her during the weekend, and as soon as she put down the tray she pulled back the sheet and climbed over him.

He told me they kissed passionately as he fondled her large breasts and hard nipples. Then she said, 'Now for the best jog of all,' reaching for his cock. He asked what that was and she replied, 'Why, onto your shaft of manhood.' She positioned herself above him with one hand on his penis, the other on her sex and slowly lowered herself onto him.

Anyone for jogging?

J E, Basingstoke

That's our favourite type of exercise. We mean jogging of course!

I have rarely missed an issue of *Mayfair* for several years, and I particularly enjoy readers'

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'Terence Michael Clark – you have been charged with looting from Miss Selfridge, Oxford Street. How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?'

LETTERS

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letters, many of which can be quite enlightening.

Every now and then I have noticed that someone will write in about the subject of spanking, and I find this a fascinating area of sexuality. I think it is most important to distinguish this from the subject of sadomasochism in which people of either sex obtain sexual pleasure, and in some cases can *only* obtain sexual pleasure, by either inflicting pain on somebody else or consenting to another person doing it to them. But I think the question of spanking is rather different in that it can be enjoyed with a sense of good fun.

One particular incident I recall happened a few years ago when I lived with my parents in Newcastle. They had gone away for the weekend and I managed to get my girlfriend, whom I shall call Vicky, to stay overnight.

Vicky was just 18 at the time and we'd been going out together for about five months. She was quite small, about five feet one inch, but with a superbly proportioned figure. She had a great personality and was always very lively with a good sense of humour and a tendency at times to be rather naughty and teasing, always trying to see how far she could go with practical jokes.

On this occasion we were alone in the house and Vicky was up to her usual tricks, generally taking the mickey and larking about. Whereas I normally found it funny, I wanted to take full advantage of my parents' absence and make an early night of it. But she kept up her antics and teasing, saying that it was far too early for bed.

This was gradually getting me more and more irritated until at last I said, 'Look young lady, if you don't behave yourself you're going to find yourself across my knee.' She then made some remark about my not daring to and then quickly followed it by saying that I wasn't man enough.

That was it. Talk about red rag to a bull. She squealed and tried to make a run for it as I lunged at her. But I managed to grab her around the waist and carried her, kicking and squealing, to an upright dining chain. I sat down and laid her face down over my knees. She was yelling loudly, but I sensed that it was all for show. I smacked her once, quite hard, through her skirt and she yelped. Then I quickly pulled up her skirt and with both thumbs yanked down her little knickers over her bum and halfway down her thighs.

She was now well and truly kicking and I really lost count of the number of times I heard, 'Stop it, you bastard.' But I assured her she was going to get what was coming to her and proceeded to spank her lovely, bouncy little bottom with the palm of my hand until both were quite red and hot.

After I'd finished and released her she quickly pulled up her pants, swore at me and ran upstairs howling. After half an hour I went up to my bedroom where I found her in my bed, naked and pretending to be asleep.

I undressed and got in with her. It didn't take very long for her to 'wake up' and we very quickly began making love, neither of us saying a word until we both climaxed after one of the most totally mind-blowing devastating fucks we had ever enjoyed.

Only after a shared cigarette did we discuss the events of the evening and both of us agreed that the spanking had been more sexually stimulating than any other form of foreplay.

That marked the beginning of a new and frequently used element of our relationship. She had thoroughly enjoyed having her bottom spanked and being dominated in that way. It made her feel safe and protected, as she said later, and though it stung at first, the feeling rapidly turned into a deeply-satisfying warm tingle which triggered her desire for love-making.

I wonder if any other readers have had similiar experiences as although not all women would enjoy a spanking, I think many do.

(Name and address withheld)

I am a female and enjoy reading *Mayfair*, but I have never seen any letters from readers on the subject which really turns me on.

My real pleasure is to see a

turn to page 194

BRITAIN'S BEST GLAMOUR DIARY

Launched only last year, the *Mayfair*, glamour diary has already established itself as Britain's best. And one look at the quality of the 1982 diary will tell you why. Each picture has been carefully scaled down by the latest printing techniques from our delightful dozen dollies in the *Mayfair* calendar. Market research has shown that the slim, month-at-a-glance format is what men prefer. You can plan ahead more easily, and it will slip into your pocket without leaving an uncomfortable bulge. So you can carry our beautiful girls next to your heart. It costs only £1.65 including postage. Send off the coupon NOW!

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LETTERS

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man playing with himself. It all started when I was a schoolgirl because I started feeling horny at a very early age and used to spend hours playing with myself.

One day I asked my brother, who is two years older than me, to invite a friend to his bedroom and show him some magazines and encourage him to play with himself while I watched from inside a cupboard.

The first time this happened I was driven to a sexual frenzy as I watched. After that I asked my brother to bring other friends round for the same purpose. There was one boy whom I particularly fancied. He had the biggest penis and played with it for hours.

One day in the middle of a session he started saying that he would like to fuck me, and going into detail what he would like to to do to me. I was frigging myself like mad in the cupboard and though I was still a virgin wanted to make love there and then.

Then to my surprise my brother came over to the cupboard, and told me to come out and join the fun. From the grin on his friend's face I realised he knew I was there.

The friend was lying on his back on the bed with his cock in his hand. I was totally out of control and went and grabbed him and stroked it. Then, without thinking about it, I straddled him and since I was without pants he slid right into me. Although I was a virgin I felt no pain or difficulty – presumably my playing with myself had done the trick.

The feeling was fantastic, having watched him playing with himself and fantasised about making love with him. It was heaven and in no time I exploded in a climax.

After that incident I had a short battle with my conscience which lost out to my sexual desire.

I have now been married for some years and have a wonderful sex life with my husband who is always willing to play with himself while I watch.

While I have been married I have not entered into any affairs, but have been taken advantage of twice – both in

circumstances where I could not resist men who were playing with themselves. The first time was in the West Indies. I was there with my husband who had to go off to a conference for a couple of days, leaving me on my own.

Whilst lying on the beach I noticed that the deckchair boy had a large bulge in his shorts which I found interesting. He then put his left leg up on a pile of deckchairs and I could see the end of his penis. I could not take my eyes off this beautiful stiff object. He noticed my stare and took himself in hand, pointing it in my direction. I was eating an ice-cream and he said, 'Choc-ices are lovely.'

Within five minutes we were back in my room where I asked him to strip and play with himself. After five minutes of this I could hold back no longer and moved towards him. He held me at arm's length with one hand and played with himself with the other. I was fighting to get at him and begging him to fuck me. This went on for a minute or two and then he lifted me off the ground, carried me, and held me against the wall with my feet off the ground as he pushed himself into me. I put my legs around his waist and the moment he entered me fully I climaxed. It was a wonderful experience.

The other occasion was last year when an old lover from pre-marriage days called me. He said he was staying in London with his brother for a few days and asked me out to lunch. I saw no harm in this.

We had a super lunch and as we were drinking our coffee he said he had lost his napkin and asked if I could see it under the table. Without thinking I lifted the table cloth and saw that he had his cock out and was holding it in his hand.

From past history he knew what that would do to me. Up to that moment I had not been thinking about sex, but the sight of the erection in his hand turned me on in a second. He knew exactly what to say – that his cock was in need of playing with and that it was thinking of me. As soon as he said that I took him in my hand and at the same time squeezed my legs together.

We then went back to his brother's flat. His brother was

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Don't get left behind

Stocks of our full colour *Mayfair* calendar for 1982 are moving fast and you'll be kicking yourself for a year if you miss out on your copy. With a dozen beautiful birds it is little wonder that ours is Britain's biggest-selling glamour calendar, costing only £1.80 including postage.

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LETTERS

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at home, but it made no difference and we went straight to the bedroom. I lay beside him and watched him play with himself. Then I noticed his brother in the doorway who was also naked and playing with himself. The sight of these two men staring at my body and doing that was a terrific turn on.

My old lover put me on my hands and knees and entered me from behind, while his brother let me suck him. After a while we changed positions and repeated the process.

In both cases I told my husband of these events. It turns him on considerably to hear me tell him stories of how I am uncontrollable on these occasions, and though he wouldn't approve of a continuing affair, he understands.

I wonder if any other female readers are turned on in this way.

(Name and address withheld)

In reply to D B's suggestion in Vol 16 No 9 that you show more girls with bare feet in *Mayfair*, I agree that bare-footed women are a very sexy sight, almost as exciting as bare-breasted ones. And I'm sure that many men will agree.

My favourite pose for bare-footed women is kneeling, like Sally Ball in Vol 12 No 3, or Annie Walker in Vol 11 No 10, or laying down showing the feet and bottom at the same time.

On hot summer days dozens of young girls and women walk barefoot in the streets and parks of Vienna where I live. Others remove their shoes on the train so they can put their tired feet up on the seats. They may be blonde, redheads, brunettes, slim or plump, pretty or ugly, but they all have an exciting effect on me, and sometimes I manage to pick up such a woman and have it off with her.

A few years ago I had an exciting adventure. On a very hot afternoon in June I went for a walk in the shady park at Schönbrunn and spotted a woman of about 28 wearing a very short, sleeveless, summer dress. She was full-breasted and rather pretty. At the pond she stopped, removed her sandals and dipped her feet into the water to cool them off. I sat on the bank and watched with excitement.

After a while she walked off, and I stared fascinated at her wet footprints. Slowly I followed her and noticed that she sometimes turned round to look at me. When she sat down on a bank I was sure this pretty woman was looking for a partner.

So I began to talk to her. She smiled and I found out that she had an unhappy marriage. She had that certain something and I found her very attractive. I invited her for a drink and a meal and we went to a restaurant. During the meal she told me her husband was abroad for some weeks.

I invited her to my flat, where once inside she took off her shoes. We kissed passionately and I felt intoxicated by the smell of her body, a mixture of perfume, shampoo and perspiration.

I undressed her quickly and carried her naked to my bed, where I explored her whole body with my lips and fingers, particularly her pretty feet. At first she was amused by this sensation she had never experienced before, saying it was very ticklish, but after a while she seemed to be enjoying it very much.

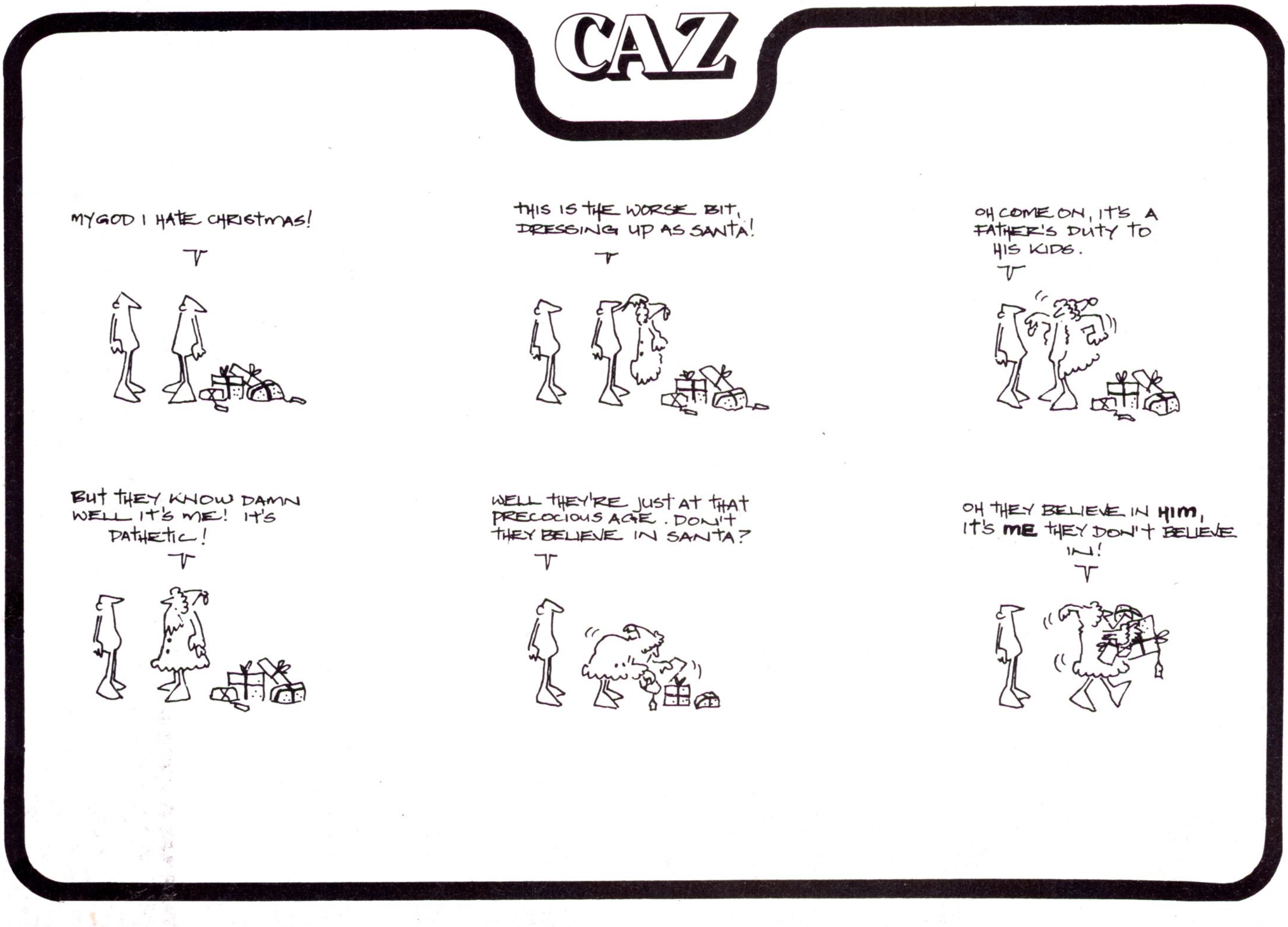
Since then I have had similar experiences with other women. Of course I don't ignore females in shoes and stockings if there is any chance of picking them up. I find it very exciting to remove their shoes. And sometimes I undress a female completely except for white socks. Then I like to control myself at first and hold out as long as possible before 'discovering' their feet.

W B, Vienna

Here's a piece of graffiti I discovered in the gents toilet at the Grand Canyon, Arizona, when I was out in the United States on holiday this summer: Texans are living proof that Red Indians fucked buffaloes. This should reduce your circulation in Texas, or, more likely, amongst buffaloes.

P R, Bradford

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



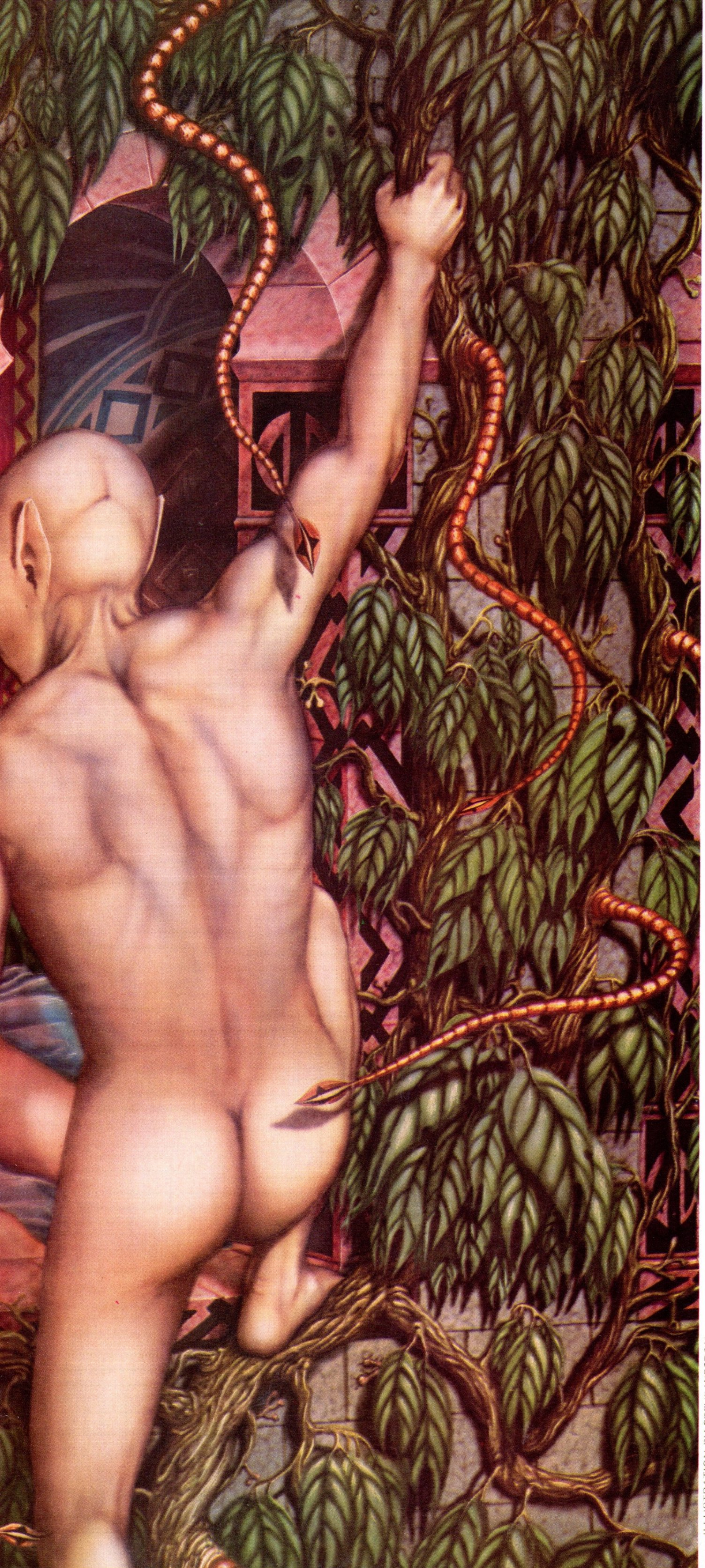


ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE WESTON

THE MAN FROM THE FOREST

He had dared face the vines of death that protected the harem women. Now he was ready to sate his lust with one of the girls, unaware of the hidden eyes watching

Fantasy fiction by
Lewis George

Sunk in slumber, the naked girl lay sprawled on the big bed, her face half-hidden in the scented pillows. One shapely but perhaps plumpish leg lay straight and the other bent sharply up so that her knee nearly touched the chubby breast that her weight squashed into a delicious pancake of soft flesh. The girl's supine pose, her silky-skinned back to the open, unscreened window, made her waist look incredibly small but exaggerated the swell of her tempting rump – it was as if she was displaying, offering the big globes of soft inviting flesh, offering the downy crack. She dreamed, and softly sighed and there was a muted tremor of her lovely young body . . . now there was a hint of glistening moisture between the tempting thighs.

* * *

The forest man was tall and broad and thick and his skin was fish-belly white because the sun's rays could not penetrate the thick canopy of leaves. Naked and totally without hair anywhere, his skin gleamed pallidly in the faint moonlight that filtered through the branches overhead, his hairlessness making his genitals appear over-large, jerking and jiggling to the pace of his loose, easy lope over the moss and leaves of the floor of the forest. His ears were small, lobeless and pointed like the ears of a Boxer dog, and his eyes were lashless slits. His thin-lipped mouth showed gleaming white teeth below a nose that was hardly more than two large wet nostrils.

As the trees thinned out the forest man paused, his breathing quiet and slow as he listened, listened for dogs because the women in the forest brothels said that sometimes . . .

Walking slowly, his round bald head tilted alertly sideways on a neck that was only a thickening where it joined his massive shoulders, his senses probed for danger past the last of the trees.

Clear of the forest, he stood and snuffled the warm night air, staring across the stony meadow to the base of the wall of the

Caliph's abode that towered, a leafy cliff, to keep marauders away from his women. The forest man could smell them now, the young juicy girls, the girls for the Caliph's sexual pleasure, and his manhood thickened, lengthened, swayed out.
The forest man knew that it wasn't the stone wall that protected the Caliph's ownership of the women, but the clinging, ivy-like vine that grew up it, that thickly covered it with curling branches that strangled, with fronds and suckers that writhed and twisted and gripped . . .
The vine that sheathed the wall was the reason why the climb to the girls was rarely attempted and always failed: the bleached-white bones at the base of the wall were proof of the fate of the men who didn't want the used-up flesh that the Caliph sent to the forest brothels, the sex-meat that had been chewed and chewed . . .
He crossed the flat moonscape between the forest and the wall, wriggling and slithering over and between the stones, a forked lifeless branch between his teeth, held so that it lay along his back and made a pattern that melted him into the ground he crawled over.
Standing close, he crouched then leapt . . . he knew to go up fast, to choose only thick old growths and avoid the slim branches that could whip round a wrist, an ankle . . . up, up . . . fleetingly toe-brushing the light branches, hand over hand with hardly an instant to choose . . . going up blindly, lightly, snatching arms and legs out of danger, climbing galvanically, lithely nude and instinctively protecting his dangling genitals from any tendril of the murderous vine, past gaping windows where light branches, fronds, lurked to seize, strangle. Ah! This looked safe: a thick arm of the vine lay across the sill, too thick to curl quickly, too massive to crush swiftly . . . *and there's a girl!*
He used his upward impetus to propel himself into the room, aiming his bullet head at the carpet to make a controlled somersault and coming upright at the divan where the girl lay sleeping.
The forest man stood a moment, looking down at her, then lowered his head to the girl's rump for his boar-like snout, the nostrils wet, to inhale her scent.
The naked, glossy-skinned negress-slave who patrolled the corridor was plumply well-fleshed and her fat breasts drooped not only with her own weight but with having been repeatedly drawn down by the gleaming gold ring that pierced each nipple. Her meaty thighs quivered as she moved, but her waist was surprisingly slim and made her hips and buttocks seem even bigger. Her hair was a ball of thick black curls and her armpits, when she lethargically stretched, showed crisp little curls that matched her hair except for size. But at her fork there was no hair, so the light glinted on the gold eyelets that ringed the piercings. The silk cord for threading through the eyelets to link them to the nipples of her breasts was looped at her waist. So that when anyone commanded her, the major-domo, for instance . . .
As she moved, indolent in the night's heat, past the doors of the girls' rooms, the lights clearly showed the ridges of the cicatrixes across her back from her plump shoulders to the backs of her knees: the scars of floggings. The silk cords slack across her belly, the negress languidly paused at a door. Was this the one? The yellow-haired girl. Yes, the one she'd watched last night.
She slid the cover of the peephole aside to watch the fair-skinned girl lying asleep . . . Presently the negress' thick lips parted lasciviously as she began to fantasise . . . she slid her hands down over the soft flesh of her inner thighs, before bringing her fingers lower, to prolong the pleasure by staying her fingers from touching her button of ecstasy – *yet* . . .
Seeing the dream-induced tremor spread through the naked girl's lush body, the negress quickened her pleasuring fingers . . . *She's dreaming she's getting it! There's where I'd kiss her first, where she's moist now, so she'd wake up having a climax!*

* * *

The forest man rose and put a hand under his rigid manhood, then gently nosed against the lips, parting them . . . a slow push, a pause . . . another slow push . . . the sleeping girl sighed contentedly and arched her lissom back a little. The forest man pumped slowly, gently and perhaps only three-quarters of his shaft's length . . . pumping.
When he could no longer control himself he closed his eyes in ecstasy and stood rigidly controlled while he climaxed.
The pretty young blonde softly moaned a name as he cautiously withdrew his still-rigid shaft, watching and poised ready to pounce. But the girl didn't surface at all.
Leaning over her, the forest man now laid a gentle hand on the girl's knee and drew her up towards him, opening her as she was drawn onto her back.
Her eyelids fluttered as the forest man bent over her between her thighs, and she moved her head from side to side in denial of the use of her body by anyone except the Monarch. But as the forest man

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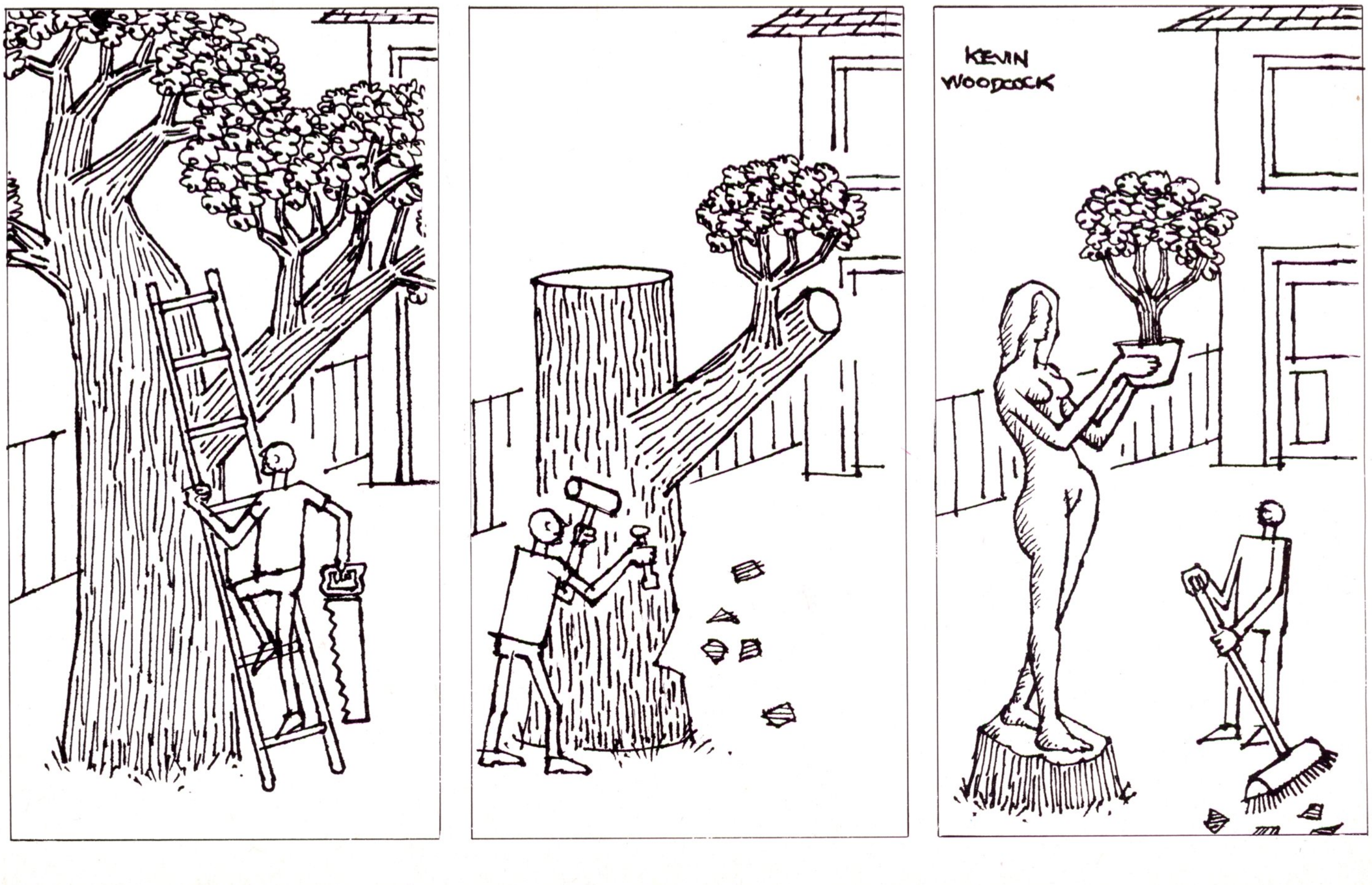

The Man from the Forest
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entered her again, lust took over and she locked her legs over his back.

Because the major-domo was massively corpulent, his great obesity prevented him from copulating normally. So he had trained four or five of the female slaves, who were available to the palace staff for sex, to turn and back, bent right down with feet well apart, onto his rigid sex and slowly engulf it. Then, while the major-domo stood bulkily solid, the girl rocked, swayed her body on the bone that she had impaled herself on and that was now tantalisingly stimulating her ... until she had brought him relief.

That night his wife, as black and as fat as the major-domo himself, had begged him to indulge her by spanking a buxom harem-girl before she was taken to one of the forest brothels ... in front of her, while a naked slave knelt and pleasured her ...

Seeing his wife clutch the pannier-bags that were her breasts as she drowned in orgasms roused the major-domo to seek the nearest trained repository for his manhood – that plump negress would be on duty, the one who was pierced. He'd have her thread the cords first.

Silently the major-domo let himself into the corridor and saw the negress, saw that she was masturbating as she peeped. She was unaware, engrossed as her master approached. He didn't bother about the spy-hole, there'd be nothing to see, just a sleeping girl that she wanted to maul ... he had caught this slut before.

* * *

The peeping negress hissingly snatched her breath when she saw the forest man catapult himself into the room, but slowly exhaled when she saw his state of randiness, when she watched him lean down to smell at the girl. She glanced right and left although she knew she was the only guard on this floor ... *He's going to do it to her and – I'm – going – to – watch.* Her lust thickening the spittle in her throat, she drew the cords off her waist and with knowing fingers threaded them through the eyelets, drawing them tight. Unhurried, she stroked her plump behind, her thighs, then back again to slide her fingers down the cleft of her buttocks. *Oh, if only the major-domo was here this minute to properly tighten these cords then make me do it that way, because his belly's so big ...*

Lost in voyeuristic lust, the negress didn't hear the major-domo, only felt his fat black fingers at the buckles of her harness, then the sudden sensation as she felt them tighten. Then he took his cane to her, making her try to come upright and thus increasing her indescribable ecstasy. He smelled the odour of her lust as he stood away for the negress to edge herself backwards, strapped into the required crouch, until her sex swallowed him.

* * *

As the forest man, spent, drew himself out of her the girl sighed, replete, then smiled to him. Then guilt made her glance at the spyhole and seeing it open she stiffened with fright and softly screamed her terror of being found out.

The forest man drew back his lips in a snarl then turned and sprang onto the window sill. But he was unquick, clumsy: a tendril of the murderous vine entwined a toe, flicking round and halting his rush enough for a stalk to slide snakelike round his waist. Then the leg that the struggling man kicked out to free his foot was encircled at the calf as another vine swooped to loop him by the throat ...

For a moment the forest man hung there, spasmodically jerking, then the vine slowly tightened, constricting their grip till he burst. He was already dead when his body plunged to the base of the wall to join the other bones.

* * *

The pretty blonde moved off the divan, ran to the wall, and questioningly inched along it to the door, to the open peephole – for why had the negress who patrolled the passage not raised the alarm, why hadn't the janissaries burst in and carried her off to the dreadful dungeons?

Relief flooded through her when she saw the major-domo's back and the raised hindquarters and outspread thighs of the girl as she slowly engorged the fat man.

Suppressing a giggle, the juicy blonde sped to the bathroom to rid herself of any evidence ... the wheezings of belly-in-the-way copulation reached her ears as she sensuously slid back onto the divan and as she drifted down into sleep she told herself *I dreamed it.*

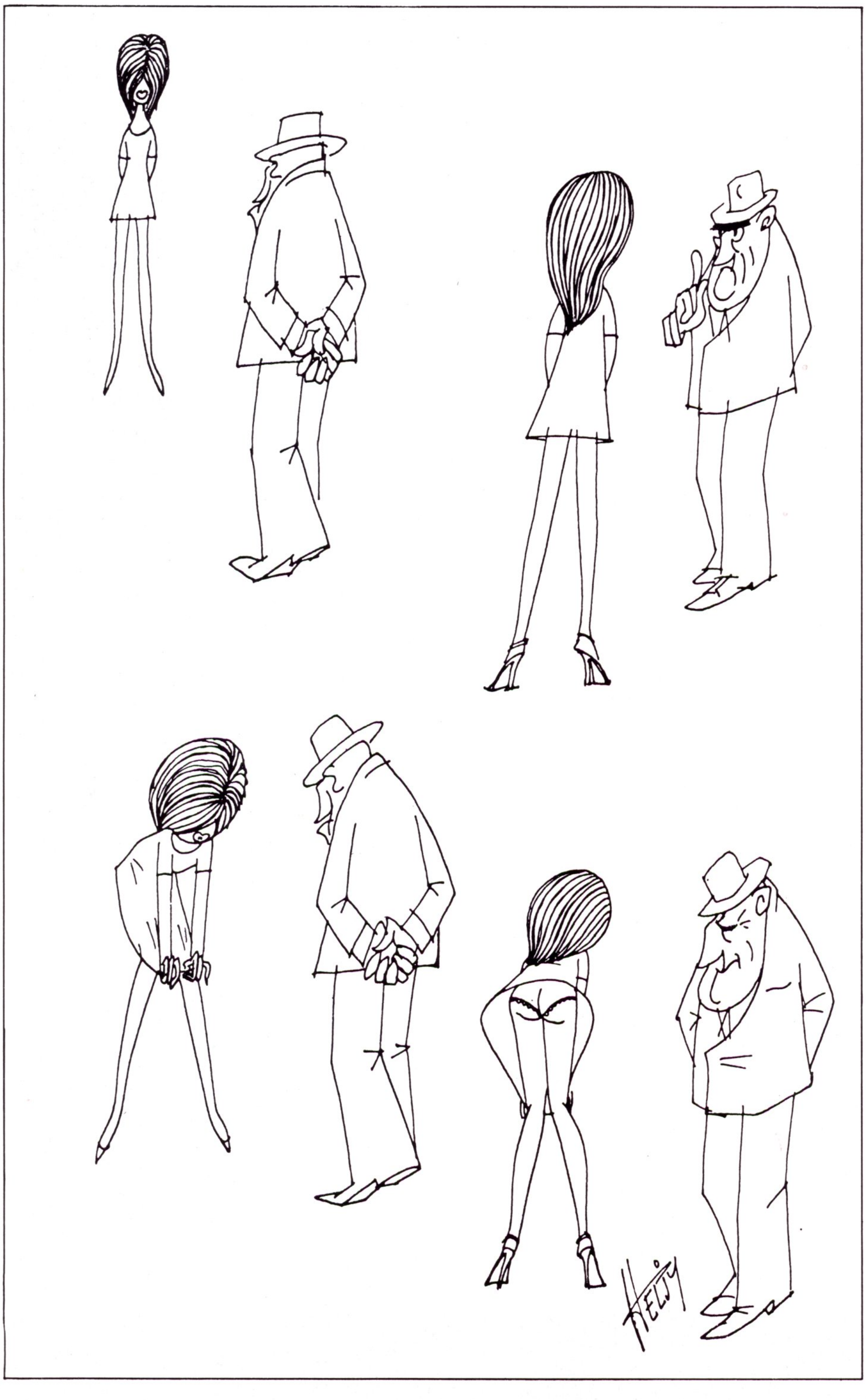


ILLUSTRATION BY LES EDWARDS

Borley Rectory:

England's Most Haunted House

A gliding nun, a headless coachman, poltergeists, strange smells and noises all added to the legend of Borley Rectory. Were they genuine, or just clever trickery?

By Gerald Cole

At about eleven o'clock on the morning of Monday June 8, 1931 a small boy arrived with a message at Arthur Hall, the home of Sir George and Lady Whitehouse in Sudbury, Suffolk. The message was addressed to Edwin Whitehouse, a young man of around thirty and a nephew of the couple, who was spending a holiday with them. It came from the Rev. Lionel Foyster, Rector of Borley, a tiny hamlet some two miles away on the Essex side of the border. It read, simply: 'If you want to see things, come at once.' Edwin Whitehouse did. He was met at the front door of the Rectory – a large, rambling Victorian building opposite Borley's picturesque medieval church – by the Rector himself. Inside was a scene of chaos. Shoes, bedclothes, brushes and clothes – almost the entire contents of one of the Rectory's eleven bedrooms – were strewn across the ground floor and the main staircase. According to the Rev. Foyster, all the objects had been tossed over the landing balustrade – by no visible means – shortly after ten that morning. Upstairs Whitehouse visited the Rector's wife, Marianne – an attractive woman of 32 and some twenty-two years her husband's junior. She was lying ill in bed. As they talked a brass paper knife, rose from the floor behind Whitehouse. As Whitehouse started downstairs there was a sudden shriek behind him and he and the Rector rushed back into Marianne's bedroom to find her lying face down on the floor with the mattress and bedclothes piled on top of her. She had been tilted from the bed, she said, and struck.

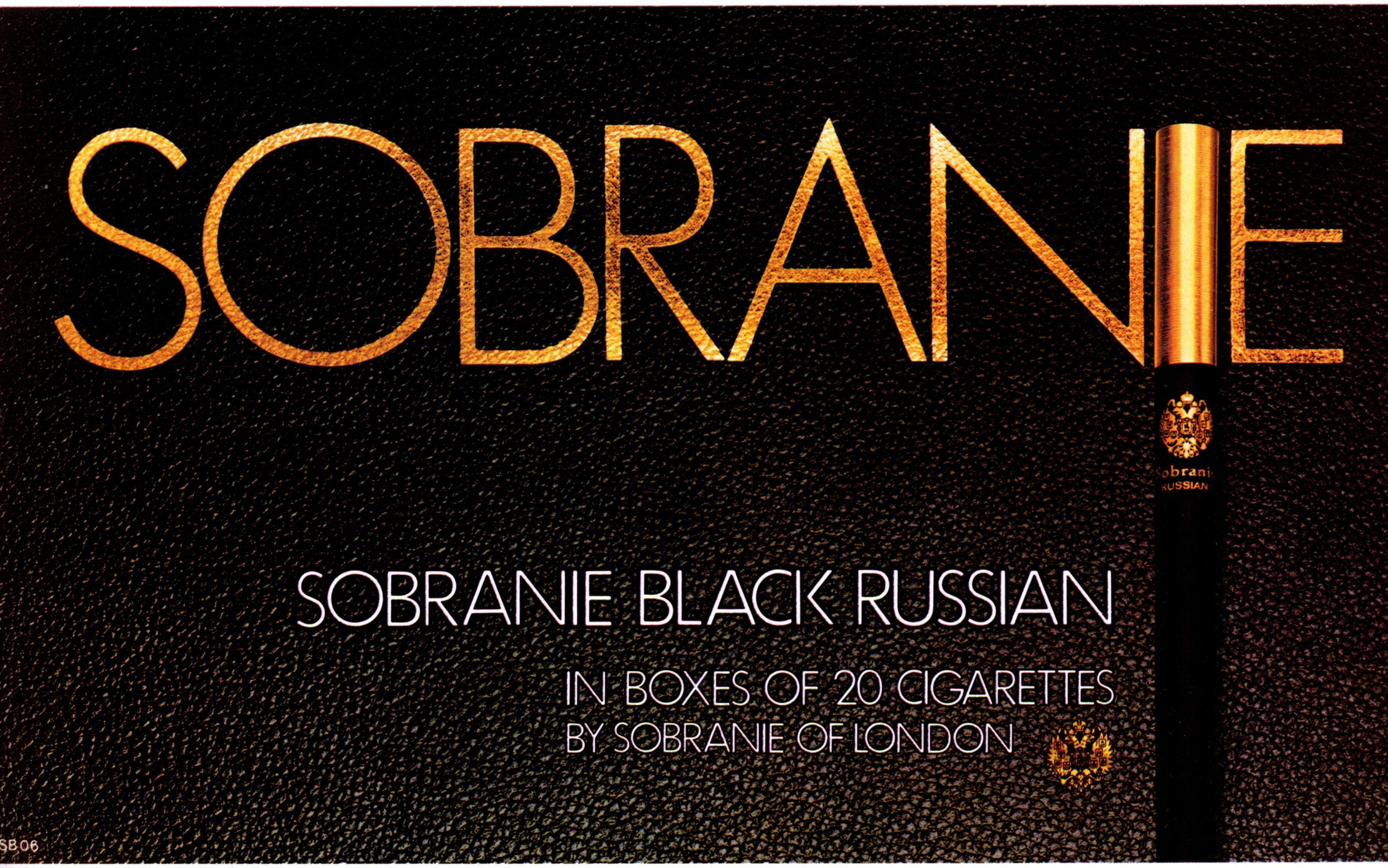
Now thoroughly alarmed, Whitehouse returned to Sudbury and begged his aunt and uncle to help. All three arrived by car to the noise of falling objects inside the Rectory. They entered to find the Foysters' three-year-old adopted daughter, and a companion of the same age, crouching in fright by the dining room door. Lady Whitehouse hurried upstairs and persuaded Marianne to return with her and the children to Arthur Hall. As they spoke a small bottle fell at Lady Whitehouse's feet. When she left the bedroom for a few moments, Marianne was again tossed from her bed – the third time that day. She and

The eleven-bedroomed Borley Rectory, as it was in 1929, ten years before being gutted by fire.

the children were bundled into the Whitehouse's car and despatched to Sudbury. It was to be nine days before they felt able to return.

That day – less than eight months after the Foysters moved in – was the worst ever recorded at Borley, a culmination of over 40 years of psychic phenomena which was to earn the remote, tree-enshrouded Rectory the title of 'the most haunted house in England.' The events of June 8 – independently documented by the Rev. Foyster, Edwin and Lady Whitehouse – related largely to the activities of a poltergeist, or 'noisy ghost'. But poltergeists were only one aspect of the Borley phenomenon. Ghostly apparitions were also observed – the most famous being the figure of a nun seen gliding about the grounds or waiting at one of the entrance gates. Others included a phantom coach driven by a headless coachman along the roadway outside, the figures of a former Rector and an old gardener, a young woman dressed in blue or white seen at the window of an upper room from which she was once supposed to have fallen, and numerous 'black shapes'. The sounds of footsteps, doors slamming and even voices were heard from empty rooms; bells in the house would ring spontaneously; phantom hoofbeats would beat on the adjoining road. Mysterious lights were observed in upper rooms and inexplicable odours were detected throughout the house. Finally messages, appealing for 'Light', 'Mass' and 'Prayers', appeared scrawled on the walls and on scraps of paper. Few haunted houses, before or since, have provided such a rich psychic harvest.

Yet even today – almost 43 years after the Rectory was gutted by fire, with four books on the subject and innumerable articles, TV and radio programmes; an unprecedented array of documentary evidence – the ghosts of Borley remain as elusive and controversial as ever. Most of the controversy rests with Borley's chief investigator, a psychical researcher called Harry Price, whose two books on the subject, *The Most Haunted House In England* and *The End of Borley Rectory*, published in 1940 and 1946 respectively, were best-sellers. Price did more than anybody else to bring Borley to public attention, but after his death in 1948 his findings and his methods came under severe criticism. Further less critical studies have largely tended to blur the picture. Whatever the final truth, it is indisputable that a series of remarkable events did occur at Borley over a period of years. The Rectory was built in 1863 by Borley's newly appointed Rector, the Rev. Henry Dawson Ellis Bull and gained its ghostly reputation early in its life. Footsteps followed by tapping sounds were heard at night; bells would ring spon-



LOW TO MIDDLE TAR (Sobranie Virginia) Manufacturer's estimate MIDDLE TAR (Sobranie Black Russian) Manufacturer's estimate DANGER: H.M.

The octagonal summer house was built for the express purpose of observing the ghostly nun.

taneously and one of the Rector's daughters, Ethel Bull, woke suddenly one night to find the figure of an old man dressed in dark clothes and a tall hat standing beside her bed. But the place was most usually associated with the ghostly nun. According to local legend, Borley was built on the site of a monastery, one of whose lay brothers had attempted to elope with a beautiful young novice from a nunnery at Bures, seven miles away. They had used a coach for their elopement but they had been discovered. In punishment the lay brother had been hanged or beheaded and the nun bricked up alive in her convent. As a result she was said to walk every July 28 – usually at dusk and in the vicinity of a long path that skirted the lawn on the south side. A large octagonal summer house faced the 'Nun's Walk' on the opposite side of the gaden, and was said to have been built for the express purpose of observing her.

The first well-documented sighting of the nun occurred late in the afternoon of July 28, 1900. Ethel Bull with her sisters Freda and Mabel were returning from a garden party and had entered the Rectory grounds from a gate at the lower end. As they reached the open lawn they saw a dark female figure in a flowing robe gliding slowly along what would later be called the Nun's Walk. The figure's head was bowed and she seemed to be telling her beads. No features were discernible.

Though the figure appeared quite solid, its behaviour frightened the sisters. They moved towards it. Freda then ran into the house to fetch a fourth sister, Elsie, who quickly pooh-poohed any suggestion of a ghost. Stepping out onto the lawn, she approached the figure which immediately stopped, turned towards the house and vanished. Fifty years later all four women continued to give identical and consistent accounts of the incident.

Paranormal phenomena seem to have increased after the death of the Rev. Henry Bull in 1892 and the appointment of his son, the Rev. Harry Foyster Bull as new Rector. 'Harry' Bull, as he was known, was a jovial, well-loved man with a deep interest in the psychic. He would spend hours watching the Nun's Walk from the summer house, usually between ten at night and three in the morning. He claimed to have seen the nun several times and was once followed by her from Borley churchyard to the Rectory front door. Among other apparitions was the spectre of a headless man who stepped from behind some fruit trees in the garden. Harry Bull also claimed to have both seen and heard the phantom coach. Someone was heard entering the back door on numerous occasions and doors would mysteriously unlock

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Government Health Departments' WARNING: THINK FIRST-MOST DOCTORS DON'T SMOKE

Psychic researcher and conjuror, Price.

Borley incumbent, Rev. Guy Eric Smith

Borley Rectory

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themselves. Certainly by the time of Harry Bull's death in June 1927, Borley Rectory had such a sinister reputation that twelve clergymen refused to live there and it remained empty for 16 months. The next incumbent – an Anglo-Indian called the Rev. Guy Eric Smith – moved in with his wife in October 1928.

They were to stay only nine months, though mainly because of the house's lack of amenities than for any other reason; it had no electricity or main water supply.

Yet the Smiths did have unusual experiences and their attempts to cope with them led to Borley achieving national notoriety. Again there was bell-ringing and the sound of slow, heavy footsteps in the passages and upper rooms. The Rev. Smith heard distinct whisperings on the landing and on one occasion a woman's voice giving a rising moan and ending with the words: 'Don't, Carlos, don't!' Rooms seen to be mysteriously lit from outside the Rectory were found to be dark when they were investigated inside. A shadowy figure was frequently seen leaning over one of the drive gates in the evening and objects were moved or found broken for no apparent reason.

They decided to seek outside help and in June 1929 wrote to the editor of their newspaper, the *Daily Mirror*. They had asked to be put in touch with a psychical research society. Instead a reporter, V. C. Wall, appeared immediately. His reports detailed the bricked-up nun legend and described some of the more colourful phenomena. Within days the tiny hamlet was besieged by hundreds of visitors and sightseers, one of whom, at the express invitation of the *Mirror* editor and the Rev. Smith, was Harry Price.

Price, then in his late forties and apparently a man of independent means, was a member of the Society for Psychical Research, though he preferred to work alone. An accomplished conjuror, he had been drawn to researching the paranormal through his investigations of fraudulent mediums.

With his secretary, Miss Lucy Kaye, Price arrived at Borley shortly after noon on Wednesday, June 12 that year. 'Sixteen hours of thrills', as he wrote later, were to follow. After interviewing the Smiths and making two thorough explorations of the Rectory, all doors and windows were sealed with adhesive tape – with the exception of some french windows in the study where the Smiths and Miss Kaye sat down to wait. Price and Wall the reporter, who was still producing reports on the Rectory, left by the french windows for the garden where they took up position in the summer house. Dusk was gathering and the two men stood in silence until Wall suddenly cried out, 'There she is!' and dashed toward the Nun's Walk. Price, who had been watching the house for unexplained lights, could see nothing definite, though an excited Wall returned convinced that he had seen a shadowy figure move against the line of trees. It was now dark and they walked back to the house. Just as they were about to enter the french windows there was a loud crash and a pane of glass in the veranda above fell in pieces at their feet. They hurried upstairs to check the rooms above but the seals were still intact. As they descended the main staircase a red glass candlestick which had previously been seen in a bedroom flew past their heads and shattered against a stove in the hallway. A mothball, pebbles and a piece of slate followed.

The evening continued with bell-ringing from the empty rooms and, after supper, the keys in the doors of the library and the dining room shot out simultaneously into the hallway. Price examined both doors carefully and found no physical cause for this happening.

About two o'clock a cake of soap on the washstand leapt out of its dish and bounced on the floor. No one was near.

This extended evening was to prove the highpoint of Price's initial investigation. He stayed another two days but – apart from some unexplained bell-ringing – all remained quiet. Things grew livelier on the two or three return visits he made to Borley after the Smiths moved out on July 15. Most intriguing was the sudden appearance of two medallions in the hallway. They were a gilt Roman Catholic confirmation medal and a French Revolutionary badge dated 1799. Neither had ever been seen in the Rectory previously. Price also learned about the two Bull incumbencies from the Misses Bull and from Edward Cooper, the Bulls' gardener and groom, who had lived with his wife in the cottage adjoining the Rectory from 1916 to 1920. The Coopers recalled being disturbed most nights for over three years by 'the sounds of pattering feet as of a large dog' in the living room next to their bedroom. The noises ended spectacularly one night after they heard a loud crash like breaking crockery, though later nothing was found broken.

One moonlit night he saw the phantom coach; he watched it from his bedroom window as it emerged in silence from the farmyard behind the Rectory and drove into the meadow beside the church.

The following summer Price spent a day in Sudbury tracking down local workmen and tradesmen who had stories of the Rectory. He found only one: a journeyman carpenter called Fred Cartwright. In the early autumn of 1927 Cartwright used to walk to work through Borley, passing the then unoccupied Rectory. On four occasions he had seen a Sister of Mercy standing motionless at one of the drive gates. It was barely light at these times but he had noticed that the Sister's eyes were closed and she appeared pale and tired. On the last two occasions, worried that the woman might need help, he had tried to speak to her, but on reaching the spot where she stood always found her gone. On the final occasion he walked the length of the drive in search of her. There was no sign, either of the Sister or anyone else.

The Coopers' testimonies were confirmed independently in 1954 but no later investigator has ever been able to trace Cartwright to corroborate his story.

Harry Price continued to receive reports of Borley from the Smiths who still kept up the living from Long Melford, but when they moved to Norfolk in April 1930 he heard nothing more for seventeen months. This silence ended abruptly on September 29, 1931, when Ethel Bull and one of her sisters arrived unexpectedly at Price's Kensington office. The Borley poltergeist, they told him, had returned with a vengeance, and this time it was causing physical injury. The main recipient of this renewed violence was Mrs Marianne Foyster, wife of the new Rector, who was himself a cousin of the Bulls. The Rev. Lionel Algernon Foyster, then in his early fifties, had taken up the living at Borley on October 16, 1930, after almost twenty years of church work in Canada, where he had married Marianne. Poltergeist activity had

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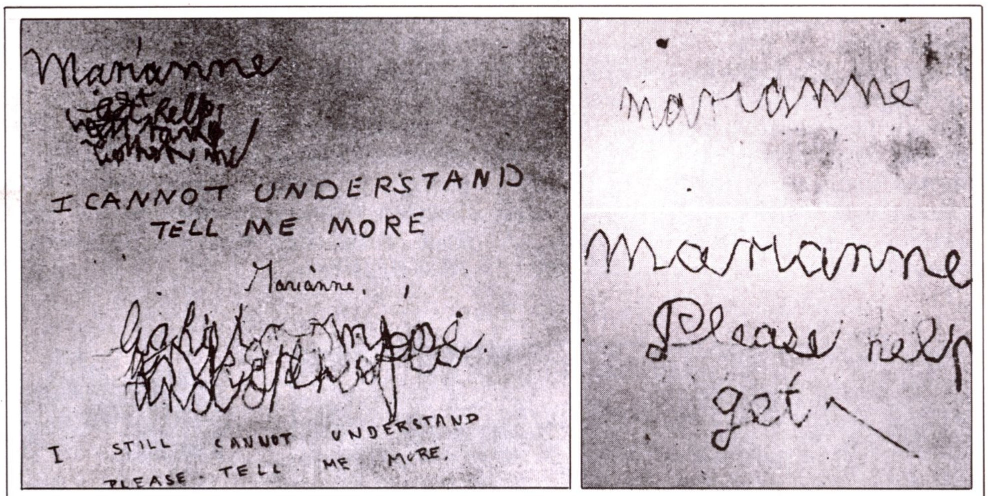

The mysterious wall writings to Marianne Foyster. 'Marianne At Get Help -Entant Bottom Me' (at left) has been interpreted as 'Well Tank Bottom Me' – a clue to the nun's burial site.

Borley Rectory

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resumed at the Rectory shortly after the Foysters moved in.

The Rector's diary detailed the familiar unexplained bell-ringing, sounds of footsteps and throwing of stones and household objects, though now the missiles often struck both the Foysters; Marianne even sustained a black eye after 'a terrific blow ... by an invisible assailant on the landing' one evening. The contents of book shelves and cupboards were found strewn about, furniture was upturned and objects disappeared and reappeared mysteriously; once a fire appeared to start spontaneously in the skirting board in a disused room. Strange odours – particularly that of lavender – would permeate the air for no obvious reason, and doors would lock themselves. Mrs Foyster heard a voice calling her name and reported seeing apparitions – chiefly the figure of Harry Bull in the hall and on the stairs and landing (he was described as wearing a plum-coloured dressing-gown, later confirmed as his favourite garment), and also a bat-like 'monstrosity' in the kitchen passage which gripped her shoulder with an 'iron-like touch.'

Oddly enough the ghostly nun was not seen, though 'messages', apparently from that source, did appear. These took the form of scrawled and largely cryptic writings, apparently in pencil. They were first seen on scraps of paper found lying about the Rectory; later they appeared on the walls. Most of the messages were addressed directly to Marianne ('Marianne Light Mass Prayers'; 'Marianne Please Get Help!'; 'Marianne At Get Help -Entant Bottom Me,) and had a strongly Roman Catholic flavour. Almost all seem to have appeared in the summer of 1931 and they were a unique phenomenon at Borley; nothing like it had ever occurred before.

Many of the Foysters' experiences were independently confirmed by their friends Sir George and Lady Whitehouse and by Edwin Whitehouse who paid over two dozen visits to the Rectory in 1931.

By now thoroughly intrigued, Harry Price made his first call on the Foysters on October 13.

Odd events began over supper. Price's party had brought two bottles of wine; as they were poured one glassful turned jet-black and another immediately smelled of eau de Cologne. The wine still in the bottles was found to be unchanged. Shortly afterwards Mrs Foyster felt unwell and went to bed. A few moments later an empty wine bottle crashed down the stairs and an upstairs bell began ringing. Everyone rushed upstairs to find Marianne in bed, as were the two three-year-old children in the house and a teenage maid. Returning to the library, the others heard more bell-ringing and the rattle of stones on the stairs. Immediately Marianne cried out. Again there was a general rush upstairs and Mrs Foyster's door was found to be locked; she was sleeping in the Blue Room and its key had vanished some time previously. The Rev Foyster produced a relic he owned of an 18th-century French saint and all joined him in the Lord's Prayer. The door unlocked immediately. Price and his party spent that night in Long Melford and quickly decided they were in a difficult position, though much of what had occurred that evening had been reported before at Borley, all of it could have been manufactured by Mrs Foyster, who had been out of sight most of the time. The next morning he told the Foysters of his doubts. Marianne denied them categorically and, though the Rector suggested Price stay a second evening, a rift was created and it was to be five and a half years before Price returned to the Rectory. During that time the worst of the phenomena ceased after a seance designed to exorcise the poltergeist by members of the Marks Tey Spiritualist Group and a medium in January 1932. The Foysters gave up the living in October 1935 – because of the Rector's deteriorating health. They were destined to be the Rectory's last permanent residents.

The next Rector chose to live nearby at Liston and Borley Rectory was put up for sale or letting. When news of this reached Harry Price, he realised he had a unique opportunity to study the ghosts of Borley. In May 1937 he signed a year's tenancy agreement and in the personal column of *The Times* of May 25 advertised for 'responsible persons of leisure and intelligence ... to join rota of observers in ... day and night investigation of alleged haunted house in Home Counties.' Borley was not mentioned by name.

The response was excellent; over 200 replied and Price whittled them down to a final 48 people of the 'right sort', as he described them; they included the head of the BBC's Outside Broadcasts Department, and Dr C. E. M. Joad of the BBC's *Brains Trust*.

However, despite these efforts, the results were disappointing; raps, thumps and thuds were reported, the apparent movement of objects ringed in chalk on the floor and unexplained drops in temperature, but nothing as spectacular as before.

Developments did occur – but not in Borley. Sidney Glanville, a consulting engineer and one of the most active of the observers, attempted to use a planchette – a device for automatic writing – at Borley in order to contact spirits. He had little success until he gave the device to his daughter Helen. At her Streatham home between October and November 1937 she produced a series of scripts allegedly from a French nun, Mary or Marie Lairre who had come from Le Havre to a convent at Bures and then been murdered in 1667 by a member of the Waldegrave family, who had been associated with Borley for centuries; she claimed to be buried in the Rectory garden, and wanted mass and prayers said for her at Borley. A later planchette script produced by Helen and her brother Roger on March 27 the following year was even more specific. An entity which called itself 'Sunex Amures' announced that the Rectory would be burnt down at nine that evening, bones and 'proof of haunting' would be found under the ruins and the fire would start 'over the hall.' Borley Rectory survived that particular night, only to be gutted by fire exactly 11 months later at midnight on February 27, 1939. The then owner, a Captain W. H. Gregson, was sorting books when a pile fell, overturning a paraffin lamp. This was in the main hall and the fire rose swiftly to the roof.

In 1940 Harry Price published his first book on the Rectory and was inundated with correspondence and theories. One of the most ingenious came from W. J. Phythian-Adams, Canon of Carlisle. His complex analysis included a re-interpretation of one message ('-Entant Bottom Me' becoming 'Well-Tank-Bottom-Me') and suggested the nun's remains might be found in a well, now filled in and covered by a tank, in the cellar.

Price became convinced an excavation was necessary and on August 17, 1943, digging began. Three feet below the cellar floor of the ruined Rectory a human jawbone and part of a skull were unearthed. Medical evidence suggested the remains were at least a century old and belonged to a woman of about 30 who had suffered badly from toothache. They were later re-buried in Liston churchyard. Was it the phantom nun? In his second book on Borley, Price remained sceptical, though he was still fully convinced that the Rectory was

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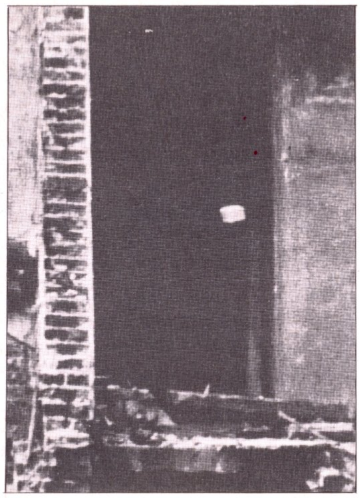

This 1944 photograph for Life *magazine of the Rectory ruins clearly shows the famous levitating brick (see close-up right) used by Price as an example of the paranormal. More likely is that the brick was one of several tossed over an inside wall by demolition workers.*

Borley Rectory
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haunted. He was preparing a third book when he died in March 1948.

But not everyone connected with Borley was so certain. In October 1945 Mrs Mabel Smith, wife of the former Rector, who had since died, wrote to the *Church Times* claiming that neither she nor her husband had believed the Rectory was haunted.

In a later statement to two members of the Society for Psychical Research, she claimed that the 'ghostly' whisperings heard by her husband were almost certainly from passers-by on the adjoining roadway and that the mysterious lights seen in windows were found to be reflections from other lighted rooms or from the glass in trains passing on the railway in the Stour Valley below Borley. She had never seen any phantom figures, and attributed odd noises to bats, mice and rats which had infested the Rectory while it was unoccupied, or to villagers who 'played tricks.'

But the most controversial aspect of her testimony referred to Harry Price: before Price's arrival at Borley there had been no poltergeist activity. 'We could not help being led to suppose,' she wrote, 'that he himself was producing some of the effects.' Mrs Smith's testimony was not without inconsistencies, not the least being that she had remained on friendly terms with Price for 15 years.

But her doubts about the ghosthunter's honesty gain some credence in a memoir published by a veteran *Daily Mail* reporter, Charles Sutton, nine months after Price's death. Sutton claimed that on a visit to Borley with Price in 1929 he had caught hold of the investigator after a display of stone-throwing and found his pockets 'full of bricks and pebbles.'

But the strongest case against both Price and the Borley haunting came in 1956 in a book-length report by three members of the Society for Psychical Research. It was scrupulous and occasionally scathing, dismissing the stories of the Bull incumbencies and showing how Price had carefully selected evidence to give a paranormal explanation. For example, he never mentioned that the Rectory backed directly onto extensive farm buildings – a fertile source of odd odours and noises as well as vermin. A cottage, too, virtually abutted onto the house and many visitors, including Price's own observers, reported on the Rectory's peculiar acoustics. Often footsteps and other noises in the cottage sounded as if they came from within the Rectory itself. Price neither investigated nor reported these effects.

The report also cast doubt on the two medallions which appeared at Borley in 1929 and later provided support for the Mary Lairre theory. They recorded inconsistencies and reported that Price was a keen collector of coins and medals. Later, it was shown that neither Borley nor Bures – the supposed site of the nun's convent – ever had religious foundations.

Not surprisingly, the SPR report shared Price's suspicions about Marianne Foyster. The researchers calculated that 103 separate phenomena occurred at the Rectory during the Foysters' stay, 99 of which depended on Marianne's word alone, three could be attributed to natural causes and one – the placing of a paintpot against a bedroom door – could have been an accident. Knowing the Rectory's reputation, they suggested, she decided that 'poltergeists' might persuade the Rev Foyster to give up living in the draughty, uncomfortable house. At the very least unusual events would bring interest and excitement to an otherwise dull existence. When it became obvious that the Rector would not leave, the phenomena ceased and in fact during the later years of the incumbency Marianne spent her weekdays running a flower shop in London.

As to the wall writings, even Price came to believe that Marianne was responsible – though under spirit guidance, and probably unconscious of what she was doing. The SPR researchers also pointed out that the phenomenon was not unique, the most notable case being at Amherst in Nova Scotia in 1878–89; among a host of violent poltergeist activities, foot-high characters threatening murder were found scratched into the bedroom walls of the 'victim', a 19-year-old girl called Esther Cox. Between 1927 and 1929 the Foysters had lived in Sackville, New Brunswick – some five miles from Amherst. If Marianne had wanted inspiration, it seemed unlikely she would not have heard of Esther Cox.

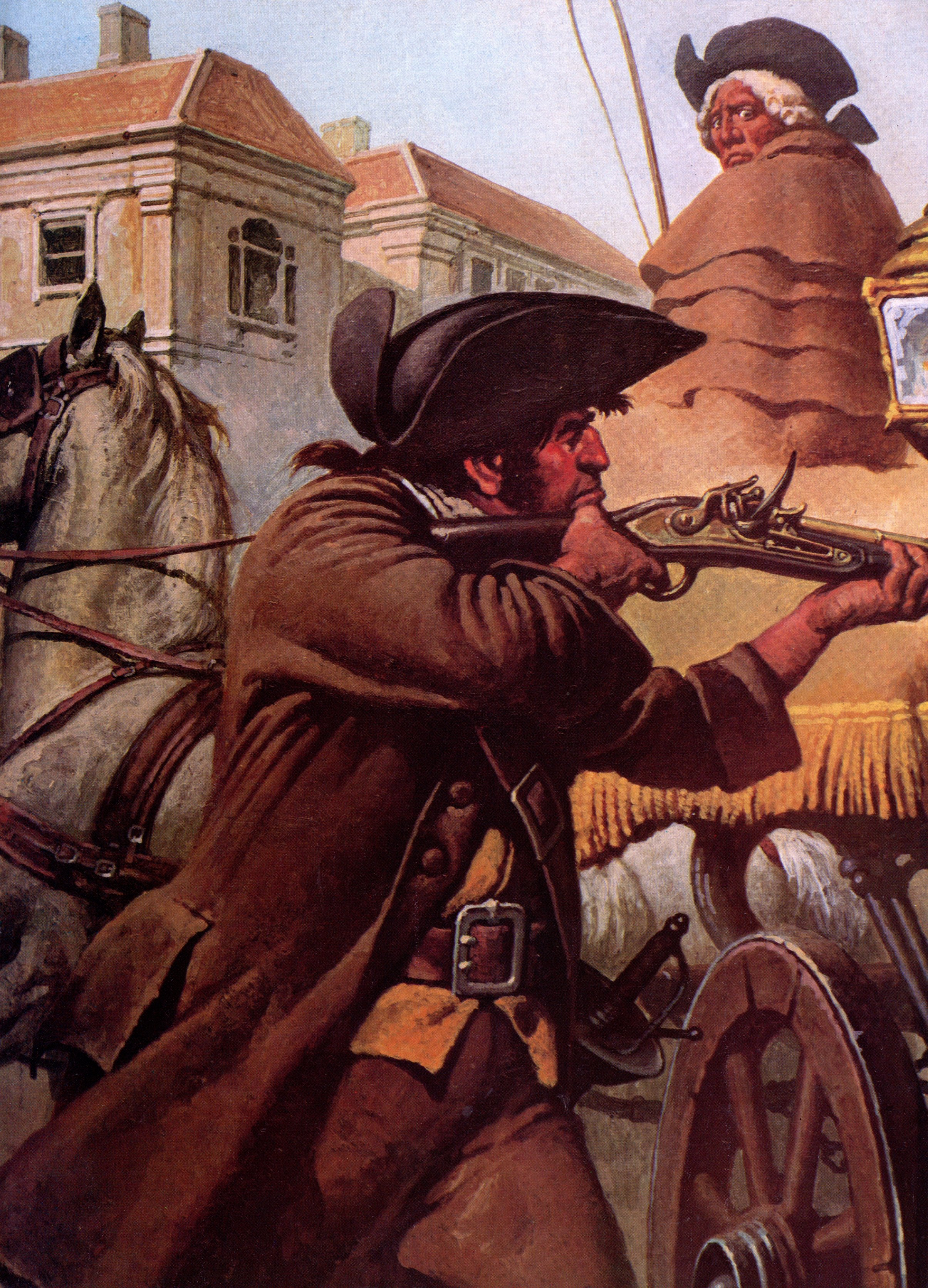
The SPR report concluded with a final example of Price's 'flagrant misrepresentation.' On April 5, 1944, Price visited Borley with two journalists from *Life* magazine. The Rectory ruins were being demolished and photographs were taken for an article. As the shutter clicked for one overall view, at a distance of about 100 feet, a brick shot about four feet into the air from what used to be the kitchen passage, the site of numerous phenomena. In 1950 one of the *Life* journalists was interviewed by one of the SPR researchers. The brick, the journalist recalled, had been one of several tossed over a wall behind the kitchen passage by hidden demolition workers. She had said jokingly to Price, 'Look, poltergeists' and he had laughed too. Later she had been astonished to see him trying to pass it off as a genuine psychic phenomenon. The SPR report was in many ways detrimental to Price's reputation, but not without justification. His enthusiasm for the occult was matched by a desire for self-publicity: no man who attempted, as Price did in June 1932, to turn a goat into a young man on a mountain top in East Germany according to a 15th-century magical formula and in front of 73 invited pressmen could be described as a shrinking violet.

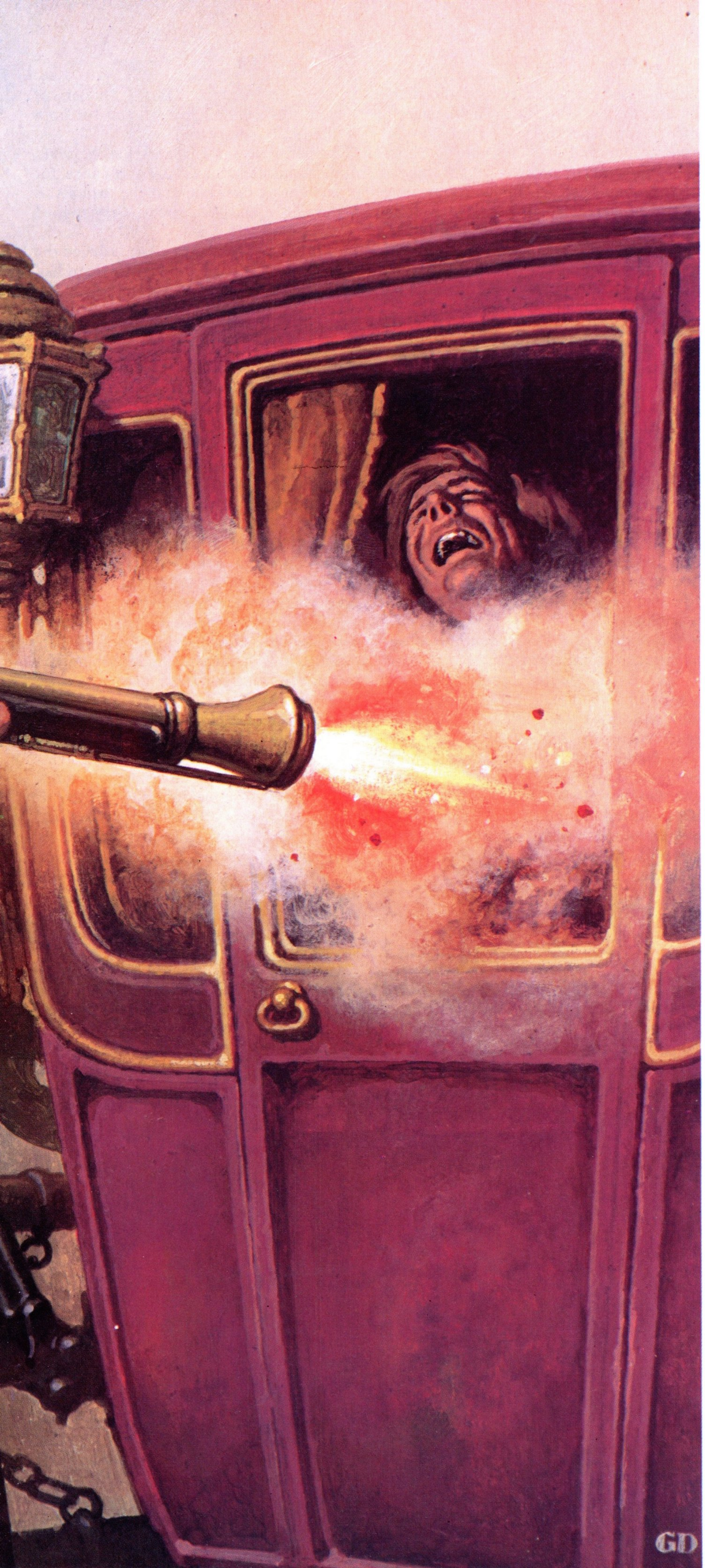
Undoubtedly Price had the background knowledge, the sleight of hand expertise and the motive for manufacturing a Borley ghost. Suggestibility, hallucination and the unwitting connivance of a strange character like Marianne Foyster could have done the rest. The remote and gloomy Rectory even looked the part of a haunted house.

But the SPR report itself was not perfect. Its dismissal of much evidence – particularly from the Bull incumbencies – was often unsatisfactory; it could not adequately explain away the testimonies of the Whitehouses, nor the fact that Borley's reputation was well established, if only locally, before Price ever heard of it.

Today nothing remains of Borley Rectory, its site covered by the garden of the modernised cottage; bungalows occupy the former Rectory garden. Yet the fire of 1939 did not, apparently, silence the ghosts. Successive residents and visitors have reported unexplained raps, thuds and footsteps – both on the Rectory site and in Borley church. And the nun too has continued to make appearances, in the churchyard as well as on the former Nun's Walk where two observers claimed to have seen her continuously for 12 minutes in the early hours in June 1970.

Whether Harry Price was an honest, if over-enthusiastic, reporter of truth or a fraudulent embellisher of a none too serious country house ghost story, we may never know, but the ghosts he first brought to public attention in 1940 still show little sign of renouncing their insubstantial existence.





'Happy he that escapes me'

A legend in the world of weaponry, the blunderbuss was a fearsomely powerful gun which remained in use for over two hundred years

By Richard Freeman

To an eighteenth century highwayman, the words 'Happy He that Escapes Me' had a special significance, for they were one of the most popular inscriptions engraved around the muzzle of the coach-guard's favourite weapon – the blunderbuss. And they were indeed true, for the injuries inflicted by a blast from this powerful weapon could be gruesome.

Although the blunderbuss is irrevocably linked with stagecoaches and highwaymen, it was also extensively used by the army and the navy, the police and the civilian population, both in England and abroad, from America, through Europe to Turkey and India. For over two hundred years, it was the single most popular weapon of self-defence. Because of its distinctive appearance and the abundance of myth and misconception related to it, the blunderbuss has attained an almost unique position in the history of firearms. Perhaps only the Colt revolvers of the American west have ever challenged its position of singular devastation.

The blunderbuss originated on the continent, in Germany or Holland, a few years before the turn of the seventeenth century. The name itself is an anglicised form of 'donderbuss' or 'donderbusch', meaning 'thunder gun'. This was an apt name, for the blunderbuss's flared muzzle served to amplify the noise of discharge, in the same way as a megaphone. In addition, their large bore enabled them to be loaded with considerable charges of powder, so that they exploded with a deafening roar.

By 1650, large numbers were being imported into England, but throughout the years of the Commonwealth, and after the Restoration in 1660, English gunmakers were applying their almost matchless skills to the improvement and manufacture of the weapon.

Thomas Frere, Edmund Nicholson and

ILLUSTRATION BY GINO D'ACHILLE

Thomas Thynn was torn apart by a single shot from a blunderbuss by paid killers in 1681

Robert Silk, later to become Master of the Gunmaker's Company, were producing brass-barrelled, flintlock blunderbusses which would still be in use long after their own deaths. One of the most versatile makers of this time was Nicholas Paris of Warwick, who also worked as a blacksmith, clockmaker and enameller, as well as repairing the Warwick fire engine in 1697.

At this time, when knowledge of ballistics was almost non-existent, it was widely supposed that the belling of the barrel was essential in spreading the shot in a wide and devastating arc. However, we now know that the dispersal effect of any gun depends on the length of its barrel and the speed of the shot as it leaves the muzzle. It was because of the large powder charges used in the blunderbuss, which increased the velocity of the shot, that its effectiveness and penetration were so great.

Some of the early blunderbusses, particularly the continental ones, were extremely large, being almost four feet in length. They fired upwards of a dozen pistol balls or lead pellets, and the impact of these weapons is hard to imagine. Not only to those at whom they were aimed. Even the smaller weapons could knock a man onto his back if fired from the shoulder.

The services were, naturally enough, among the first to use the blunderbuss. The navy, which was quick to see their usefulness in repelling boarders, issued them to all of their larger ships. The smaller vessels, however, had to do without them, presumably because they were not considered important enough to attack.

By the end of the seventeenth century, the English gunmakers had refined the blunderbuss into a weapon whose characteristic shape and size would last for the next one hundred and fifty years without major change. The barrels were mainly of brass, probably chosen for its robustness; the stocks were of plain, grained walnut; the firing mechanism, the standard flintlock, almost universal since the demise of the short-lived English lock of the middle years of the century.

Not that any of these refinements ever obscured the real function of the blunderbuss.

In 1681, Thomas Thynn, a regular at the court of Charles II, was shot dead in London by a group of paid killers. Thynn's attractive but wayward wife had eloped with a count who hired several men to kill his new lover's husband. They ambushed his coach in Pall Mall, where two of the men covered the driver and guard with pistols, while a third practically tore Thynn apart with a single blast from a blunderbuss. He died with wounds in his intestines, stomach, liver, kidneys and ribs, yet, surprisingly enough, most of the load had missed him.

By the middle of the eighteenth century, the blunderbuss could be found all over Europe. Each country brought its own style to the weapon, from the restrained functionalism of the English to the extravagant rococo styling of the French. In Italy, Zugno, Rossi and Martinoni were prominent. Lazarino Cominazo, one of the most famous Brescian gunmakers, produced flared blunderbuss barrels for German weapons which were presented to August II, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. In Austria, Martin Qualek of Vienna was making the weapon for both civilian and military use.

However, it was in England that the blunderbuss attained its special significance, for it was during this time that the exploits of highwaymen and the coaches they robbed became part of folklore.

By 1784, when John Parnell introduced the Royal Mail coaches, the highwayman had been following his trade for more than half a century, riding out to rob the coaches which travelled on hundreds of routes throughout Britain.

Without doubt, few of these rogues bore any more than the slightest resemblance to the romantic image of Dick Turpin, though a few were referred to in reports of the time as 'having a most civil manner'. However, in many instances, the coach-guards were as reckless and dishonest as their supposed adversaries. Many coach companies introduced rules to try to curb the activities of their guards, some of whom were not averse to robbing their own and other company's coaches. Most would take delight in shooting rabbits and birds from their seats beside the driver, and many would celebrate the end of an uneventful day's travel by demolishing the welcoming inn sign with a blast from their blunderbuss.

Without the element of surprise, the highwayman's pistols were no match for the ferocity of the blunderbuss. Given a sighting, the coach-guard could kill any would-be robber before he had any chance to utter the famous 'stand and deliver'. In fact, the deterrent value of the blunderbuss was probably just as great as its actual fire power, and to reflect this, inscriptions were engraved around the muzzles of the weapons, to remind everyone of the dire consequences of tangling with the blunderbuss.

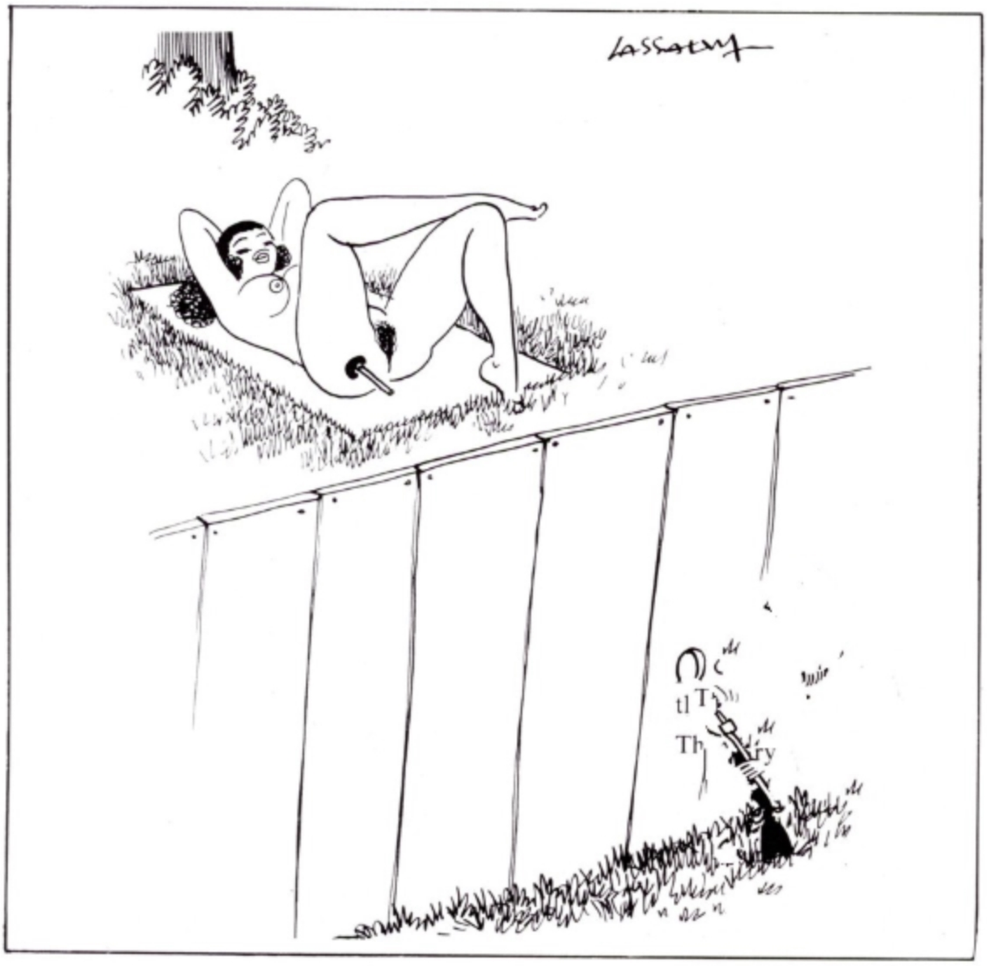
'Happy He that Escapes Me' was the most widespread and famous of these inscriptions, but there were numerous others. Apart from the simple 'Royal Mail' or company name, such pithy epithets as 'Fly or Die' were used. Large blunderbusses even had inscriptions which read 'When Rogues Near, My Voice You'll Hear'. And there is no doubt that it was wise to heed these sombre warnings.

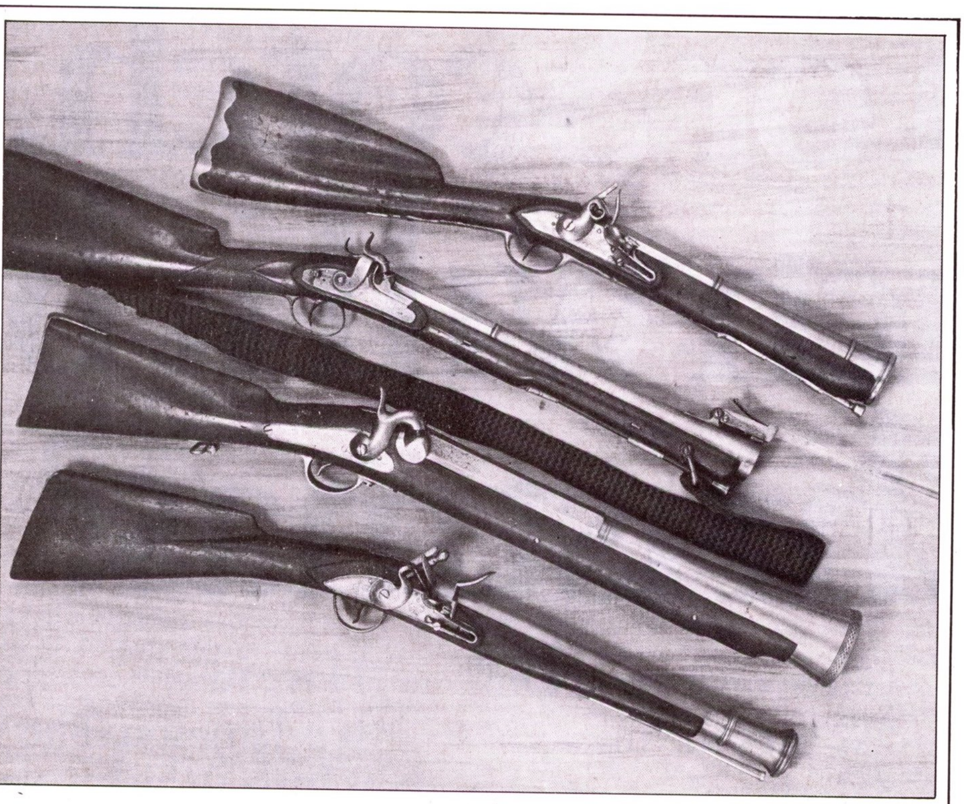
Even when not actually aimed at the highwayman, the blunderbuss could still be effective enough to thwart an attempted robbery.

In 1782, William Pearce, a long-time South of England highwayman, stopped the Trowbridge coach in Marlborough forest. The guard, not untypically, was asleep inside the coach. He was awoken by the clamour, and in his still befuddled state, fired his blunderbuss through the glass, on the wrong side of the coach. But it was enough to convince Pearce that he should try elsewhere for his night's earnings.

The Mail coaches usually employed a more conscientious type of guard. They were armed with a pair of pistols and a blunderbuss, which was hung in a sling on the side of the coach, ready to be pulled

turn to page 80





A French blunderbuss (top) and three English versions showing the various styles produced.

'Happy he who escapes me'

continued from page 78

into action if or when the need arose. The guards became competitive in their search for victims, much like World War I fighter pilots, and many a highwayman was dispatched with a single shot. Considering the extensive injuries which the blunderbuss could cause, this quick death may even have been preferable.

The classic coaching blunderbuss of this time, with its 12–14-inch brass barrel, had become an extremely durable and dependable weapon. As the eighteenth century drew to a close, it reached its high point in terms of design, craftsmanship and efficiency.

Ezekial Baker, whose rifles would later be extensively used by the British army, was among the many superb gunmakers to produce such weapons. Others included Bond, Griffin, Joyner and the ever-inventive Henry Nock, who had taught Ezekial Baker his trade, and who worked his way from the blunderbuss to seven-barrelled volley guns in his search for increasingly heavily loaded firearms.

To make the blunderbuss even more fearsome, John Waters patented the spring bayonet in 1782. Though several other gunmakes claimed that he had stolen their idea, it was the Waters' design which became the basis for the majority of spring bayonet fittings on the blunderbuss. It was released by a catch near the lock, and sprang forward with such force that the sound alone was said to be enough to deter all but the most resolute of robbers.

Throughout this period, the blunderbuss was in astonishingly widespread use, as the numbers of surviving examples testify. It became almost as much a part of the English household as the tea-kettle, and few houses of any size did not have at least one hanging over the mantel. Farmers going to market, tinkers, showmen, travellers of all kinds carried a blunderbuss for self defence. Rarely though, if ever, was a blunderbuss fired with a load of nails, stones, pieces of metal or slivers of glass, contrary to one of the most persisting myths which surround the weapon.

The military still used the blunderbuss, particularly the French and Austrians, whose armies deployed them in front-line positions, and in 1781, a dragoon regiment in the British army was equipped with them for a similar purpose. Banks, police forces and even prisons issued them to their staff. Indeed, it had become the weapon for Everyman.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century, the popularity of the blunderbuss gradually began to decline. The turning point came around 1825, with the introduction of the percussion cap firing systems, based on the designs of the Reverend Alexander Forsyth, the pioneering minister of Tullynessle. From that date on, this much more efficient method of firing obviated the need for large charges, which the blunderbuss had used to such effect.

But like all good ideas, the blunderbuss did not simply disappear. Makers such as Mortimer, William Mills and Durs Egg, another of Henry Nock's apprentices, still made fine examples of the weapon. The East India Company had massive numbers of steel-barrelled weapons made, and their introduction into India soon prompted the native craftsmen to produce their own versions, often profusely decorated with gold and silver. In Turkey, large numbers were produced, both flintlock and percussion, again finely decorated with gold and silver scroll-work. In Russia, Alexander the First was pleased to receive a coronation gift of a garniture of weapons from the gunmakers of Tula, which included a blunderbuss of impeccable quality.

Many existing flintlock weapons were converted to percussion, usually by the drum-and-nipple method, but despite the obvious advantages of this, the flintlock blunderbuss continued to be used on almost all of the coaching lines. Sometimes, these weapons had been in almost continual use for the best part of a hundred years, and it was inevitable that accidents began to take place. They also remained popular with the vigilante associations which were formed to combat the activities of groups such as the Luddites and the Chartists. As late as the Great Exhibition of 1851, the blunderbuss was still thought worthy of inclusion in a gunmaker's display.

In Ireland, the blunderbuss continued for many years after its demise in England, perhaps because of the more uncertain and lawless way of life in that country. Fowler, Powell, Calderwood and especially William and John Rigby of Dublin made some fine examples. In Belgium too, they persisted for some time.

Attempts were made at double-barrelled blunderbusses, with both over-and-under and side-by-side barrels, and all kinds of combination weapons, but the last developments came in Belgium with the manufacture of breech-loading pin-fire weapons. Some of these were still being used in the last quarter of the century, and in 1873, the assassination of the Argentinian president was thwarted only when one of the overloaded blunderbusses being used in the attempt blew up in the face of its user.

Not that this was the last occasion on which a blunderbuss caused injury. In 1958, a sixty-seven-year-old London man was injured by one, whose barrel he was attempting to clean with a blow-lamp. A ball of rusted iron and lead was removed from his stomach after the weapon had accidentally gone off.

Today, like all firearms, the blunderbuss is collected the world over, but because of the large numbers once in use, the prices of the existing weapons are not as high as one might expect. Some of the Indian and Turkish examples can be acquired for under £100. Good blunderbusses from the period between 1750 and 1820 may fetch between £600 and £900, but it is rare for even the finest specimens to go above £2,000, whilst pistols and other longarms of a similar standard of craftsmanship may easily reach ten times that amount.

But like all antiques, the blunderbuss's value is not merely monetary. They are a fascinating reminder of an age when life was worth much less than today, and their changing designs and decorations reflect the whole range of artistic skill and craftsmanship in a period of more than two centuries.

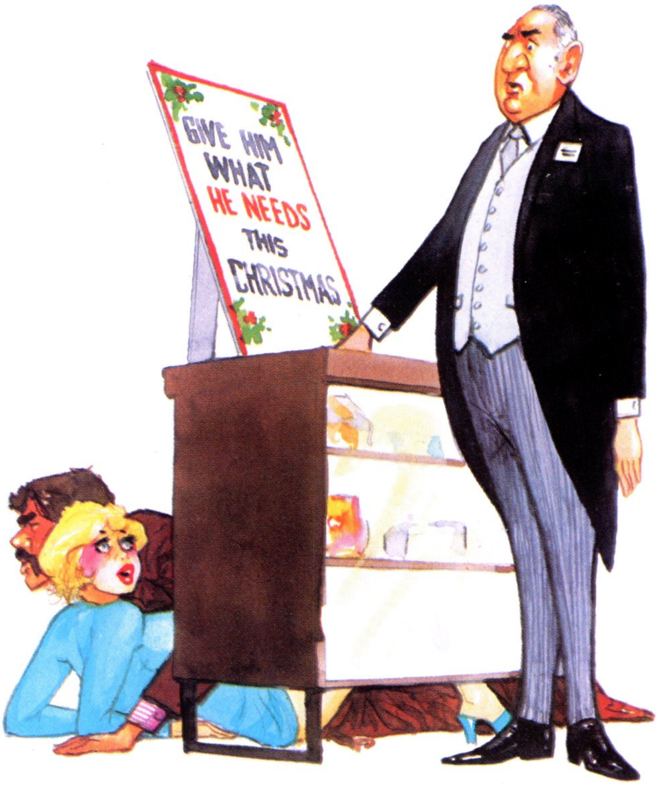
Perhaps now, two hundred years after their heyday, the inscription on the blunderbuss's muzzle has achieved a certain irony. To anyone interested in antique firearms, perhaps it should now read 'Happy He That Collects Me'.

'I don't suppose you've any ideas for stocking fillers!'

SEXMAS SHOPPING

Cartoonist Brian Forbes
unwraps his ideas on Christmas shopping and
how to make your presents felt

'Now we know what size your, er, neice is – let's decide on a design, sir.'



'Miss Brown, the customer is not always right.'

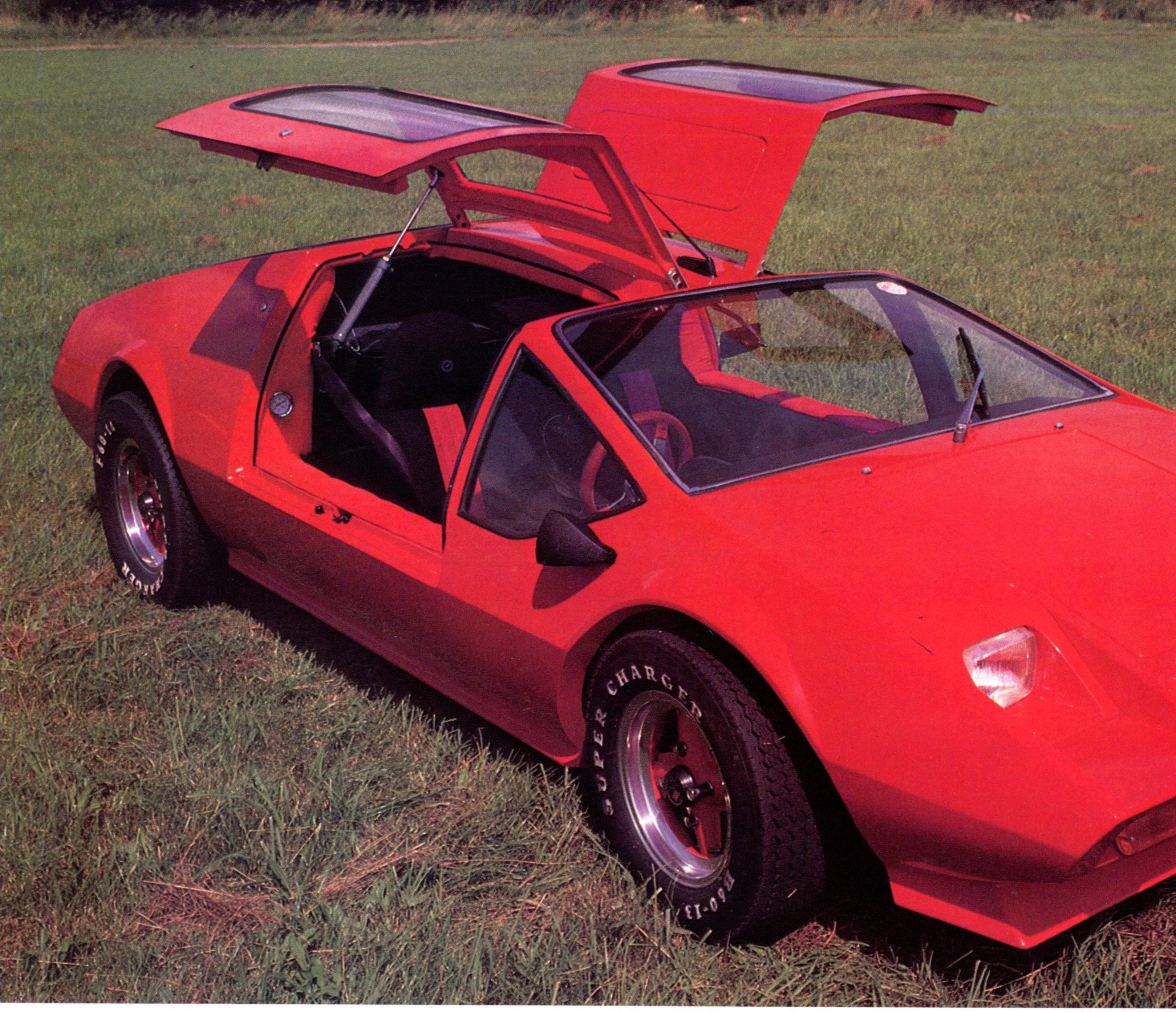
'I want to get laid.'

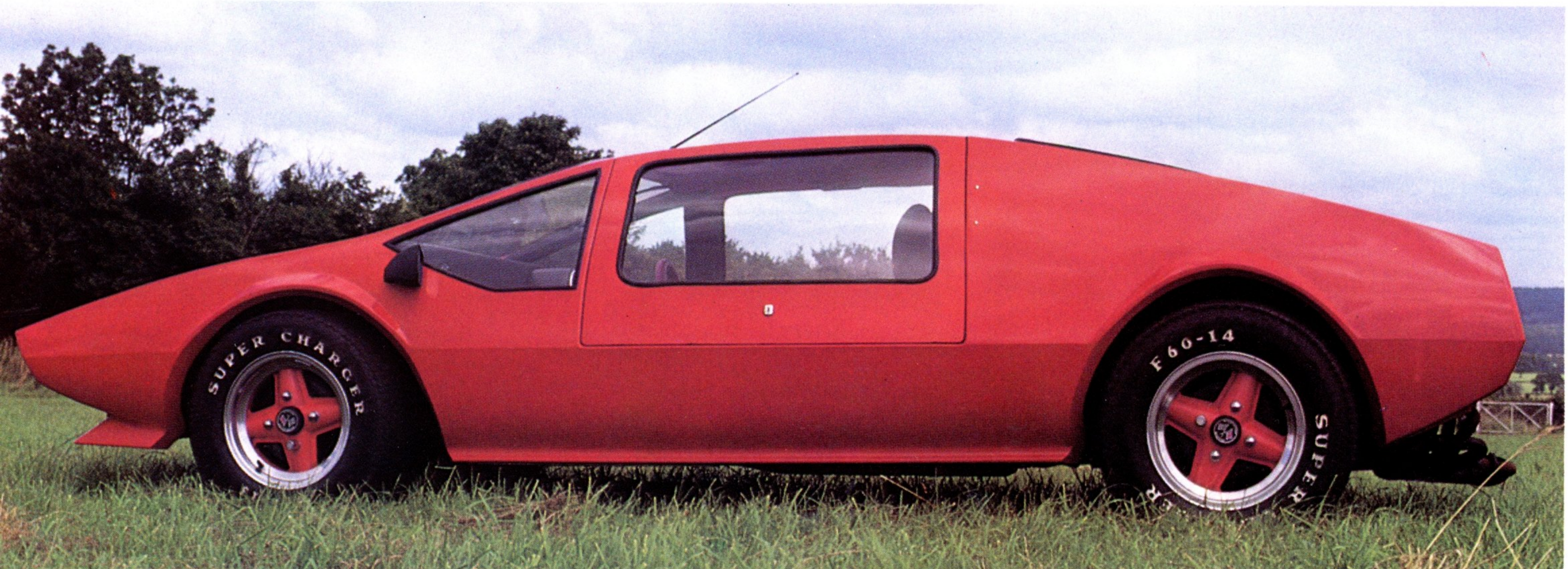
'But are you sure it works?'

'I'm sure we'll think of a way you can thank me, Miss Weston.'

'Just the right mixture of festive and suggestive, don't you think?'

'Perhaps it's the five per cent powdered rhino horn sir.'





Above: The kit car or 'special' may be home-made, but that doesn't mean that it has to look that way. Here are three views of the Charger, a kit car based on the Volkswagen Beetle but converted into a stylish and futuristic driving machine. Even the interior is remarkably luxurious for a vehicle that can be built in the garage. Right are two other models from the upper end of the kit car market. Top right is the V8 Siva Aston Martin and below it a three litre Volvo-engined Marcos.

With the demise of MG and the TR7, one of the ways to own a British sports car is to build it yourself. With a range from the stylish Charger to the more basic Dutton, a racy kit-car can be fun to drive yet inexpensive to buy

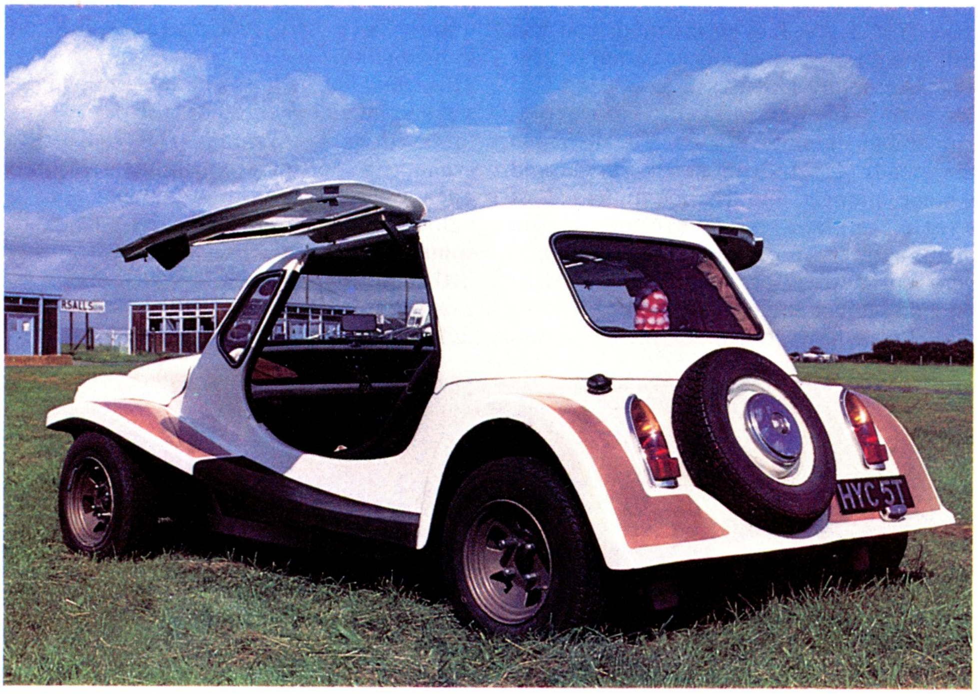
KIT PARADE

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland

The dream of becoming your own maker of motor cars, starting in the back garden shed and expanding until you are producing the millions of a Henry Ford or a William Morris, is just impossible these days. Yet if you feel so inclined, you can still become you own motor manufacturer – by assembling a kit-car.

In terms of personal fun motoring, individuality counts for a great deal. Hence the steady demand for costly classic and vintage models and the continuance of exotic makes and models from manufacturers' production lines. Even BL, who are desperately trying to put their financial house in order with Mini Metros and Itals, have declared the hallowed *marque* of Jaguar a separate entity, with the top XJS model costing nearly £19,000. If this is proof that the desire for cars removed from the run-of-the-mill exists, it is easy to see why people go for kit-cars, which add the ultimate touch of individuality.

This trend has been strengthened since the sad and much lamented demise of the MG, followed by the Triumph TR-7. Kit-cars are mostly sporting propositions – fresh-air open two-seaters or racy-looking coupés beloved by the young, healthy and handsome. Years ago about the most sporty little motor car you could conceive, exactly suited to those of modest means but with bags of enthusiasm and a leaden



accelerator foot was the Lotus Seven. It was quick. It was cheeky. It blew you about and made the girlfriend's hair stream out behind her shoulders. It accelerated very impressively because it was light, and it wasn't too expensive to run because it used well-tried proprietary engines beneath its bonnet.

Colin Chapman, Lotus boss, went sour on the Seven when the imposition of purchase tax even on home-built motors upped the price to what he felt to be an uneconomic level for the market. Caterham Cars took over and as it has worked out, the demand for the Caterham Super Seven is undiminished, in spite of prices up to £6,000. There is life in the kit-car business yet.

It was sparked-off before the war when

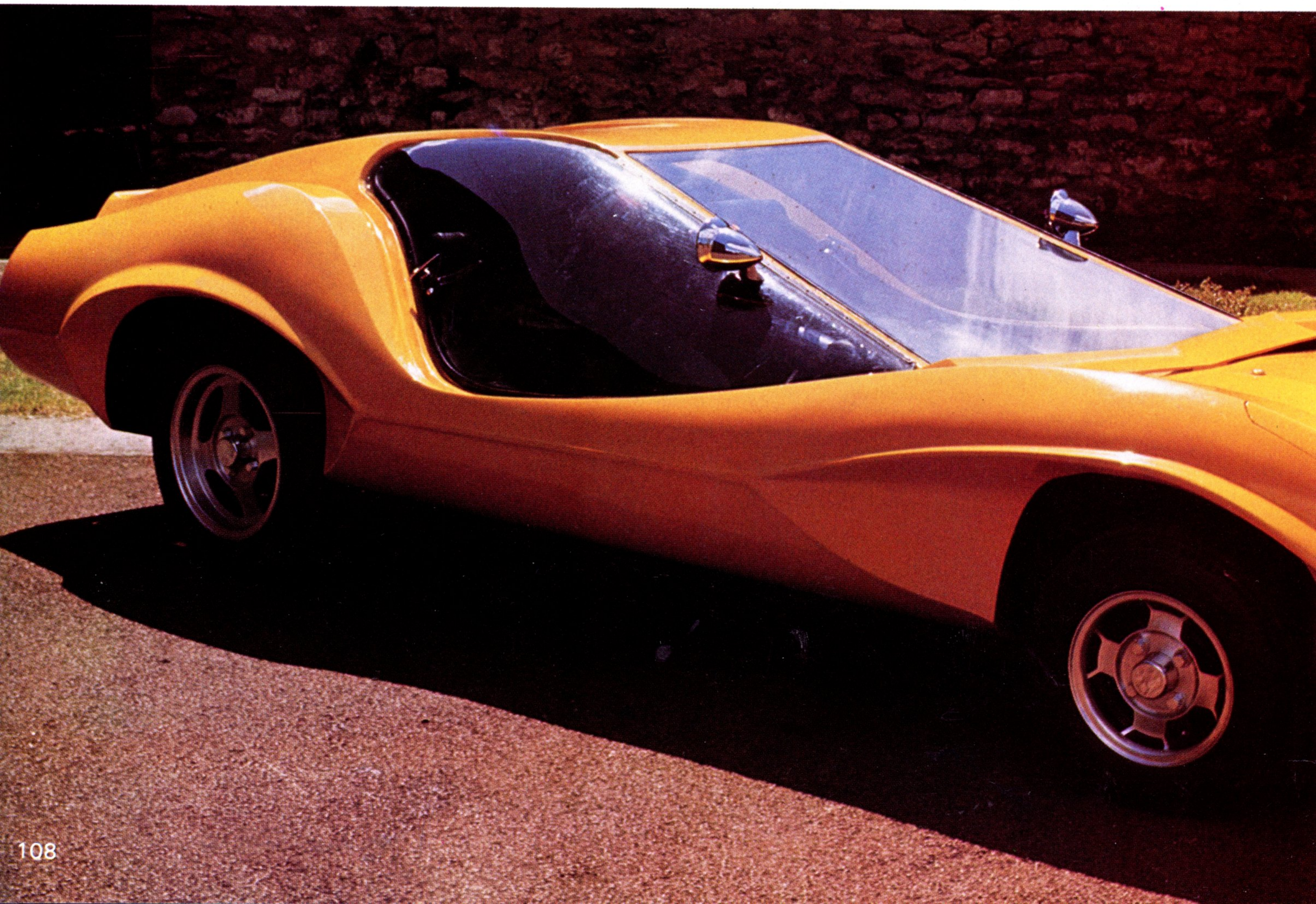
Large picture: The AD Nova. From its smooth lines it is almost impossible to spot that it is based on the humble Volkswagen. Clockwise from large picture: Enthusiasts admire the immaculately turned out 1800cc Gilbern from the Welsh car firm. Above it are two of the popular MG-based cars, preserving the marque for sports car lovers, the bright red Magenta Sports and Magenta. The Ginetta G4 also reflects a yearning for a bygone age, its lines are reminiscent of the old Jaguars. Finally, the Turner Sports again has a similar look to the familiar MG Midget, and beneath its bonnet is a trusty 948cc BMC engine.

unitary construction became the norm for ordinary cars. This meant a severe blow to the motor-buff who had previously enjoyed building up a car to his own ideas and composite specifications, because the old, separate, ladder-type chassis-frame that gave him a foundation was no more. To the motor manufacturers, a combined body/chassis shell meant quicker production, because the body-presses now stamped-out one entire structure.

It also meant a more rigid box-structure, which was safer in an accident, and which because of its rigid form, was suited to independent front and rear suspension, which faster cars required.

With the loss of the chassis as such, your home-builder who liked to start off using new, as distinct from old rusty components, for his one-off motor, or 'Special,' was stumped. And in those years leading closely to another World War, the chassis frame was fast vanishing from manufacturers' parts lists. Today, it is virtually extinct; but don't let Peter Morgan hear me! It was this disappearance that prompted small companies to sell cars in kit form. They had a simple, probably tubular chassis frame, with mountings for axles and power unit; an equally simple body, probably of fibreglass, although Marcos did one framed in wood. The obvious components like mudguards, exhaust system, windscreen and electrics were bolted on. Before tax was demanded on such Specials it was an inexpensive way of producing a highly unusual car, with adaptations to taste.

If you are attracted, and shop around, you



Large picture: The beautiful Centour, a striking design with huge wrap-around windscreen. Yet its elegance hides a Hillman Imp base. Clockwise from large picture: In sharp contrast, the eccentric appeal of the Ford-based Bullock sports car. Next to it are two examples of perhaps the best known kit car, the Marcos, seen here in two litre and 1650cc versions. Next comes the two-litre Spartan designed on pre-war MG lines, usually powered by a Cortina or Triumph Herald engine. Below it the amazing Dutton available in engine sizes of up to three litres. Finally the Piper GT, a real melange of cars with a tubular frame and glass-fibre body.

will find a rather surprising number of kits available from which the reasonably skilled can construct their own motor car. The Volkswagen Beetle forms the basis of many of these kits, for although the once universal VW was welded up like any other respectable closed car, it had a chassis pan strengthened by a backbone tunnel which was a fair substitute for the chassis frame of vintage memory. Others have a Mini base, because the compact front drive assembly of that remarkable little motor adapts nicely to a new frame behind it. The photographs accompanying these words are a reminder of what is available in the kit-car field. Some are cars built up purely in this enchanting fashion, but a number are available as complete cars if required, a few only as complete entities.

How easy or how difficult is it? Most of these kits are intended for assembly without the use of anything beyond workbench tools. Lifting the engine and gearbox in may call for a strong armed assistant.

Some aptitude for simple engineering and electrical wiring can be a considerable comfort. It should be simple to those who used to decarbonise their motorcycle engines and reassemble them without a second thought. It would be disastrously difficult for me, a pusher of pens rather than spanners (worse luck!). Some years ago an acquaintance got busy assembling a kit for constructing a Lotus Super Seven. He found that although Lotus claimed that the kit could be turned into a running motor car in 22 hours, using normal hand tools, just sorting out and checking over the parts took almost that amount of time. One snag was that the stupid new purchase tax regulations prevented instructions being supplied with the kit, as this, in the eyes of the bureaucrats, would imply professionalism! Now that kit-cars are taxed anyway, this has ceased. On the whole the Lotus went together without undue problems and in those days Lotus insisted on a factory check of the finished product.

Once the car is finished you apply for a licence, an official comes to look at the car, after VAT has been assessed by Customs and Excise you should then be on the road, with a brand-new registration number.

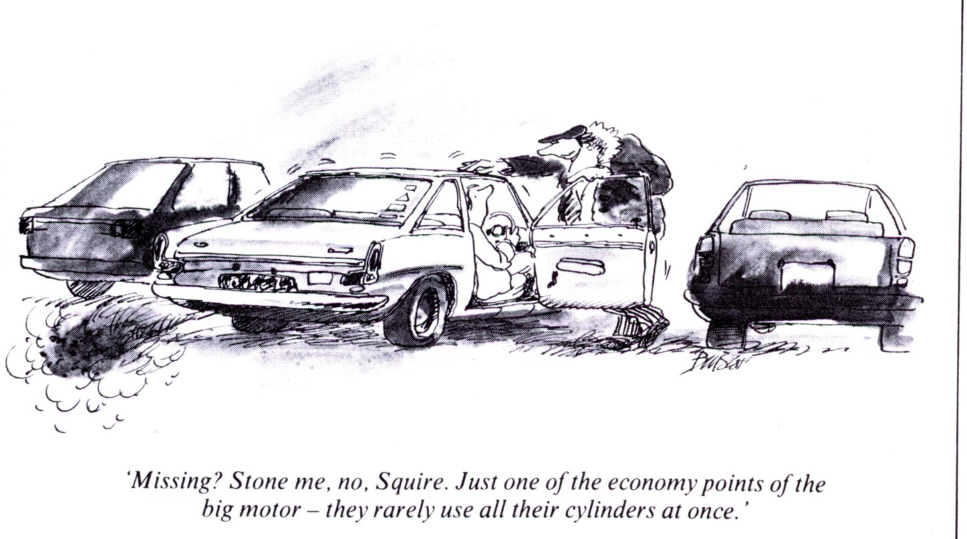
You might go for a Marcos by looking for a used version of Frank Costin's Bradford-on-Avon-based wooden framed coupés, or decide that a modernised version of the pre-war sports car personified by MG is more to your liking. The Spartan from Nottinghamshire for example, with its separate chassis, alloy-panelled body, and bolt-on fibreglass mud wings, is a good recipe for defeating the dreaded rust bug. Power for Spartans comes from Triumph Herald, older Ford Cortina or 2-litre ohc Cortina power-packs. The Dutton is another in the open-car tradition, a cross between those green Bentleys and stark 30/98 Vauxhalls of the vintage days and something more in the Lotus/Caterham Seven trend, and with a choice of engines up to a 3-litre V6 Ford.

The Mini-based theme is seen to good effect in the GTM 1275, another hailing from Nottingham and available either as just a kit of parts or in different stages of completion towards the ultimate coupé. Prices in this case range for £950 to £2,450, whereas the Spartan rag-top kit comes out at around £1,000 and the Dutton Phaeton from as little as £430. Of course, purveyors of kit-cars expect the client to find the motive power—which means you can press a used engine into service if the coins are in short supply. John Britten in Arkley, Barnet, offers the cheeky Arkley SS as a Meccano-set for a very modest £330 or will build you a complete Arkley to have fun in, if you are prepared to wait, for £1,500 upwards. The styling of the low-hung Nova makes it look something out of a very exclusive, speed-mad Italian factory and you might not guess that its mechanicals are VW Beetle based. The Charter is another that uses the well-proven VW motive power and its sponsors, Embeesea Kit Cars of High Wycombe say if you toil for some 100 hours you will achieve the exotic lines intended. The much-missed but long-extinct Hillman Imp engine and variants lends itself, along with VW and Mini-power, to these specials, for the sting the Imp had in its tail was provided by a light alloy, freely revving four-pot power unit and the gear change was rather a honey. This is made good use of in the Davrian coupé from Lampeter.

Some of these kits are intended to help salvage rusted-out production cars. For instance, the Magenta people in North Yorkshire supply resussitation for BMC 1100s and 1300s, and also have an exciting kit of bits for forming into a rapid Escort BDA-powered sports-job. Or if you prefer it, a somewhat crude Mini-based Magenta Sprint – kits costing from £495, £790, and £465 upwards respectively. Similarly, the NG TA pack is intended to get weary MGBs back into circulation and they are toying with similar salvation for MG V8s. The Piper GT dates back some years as an enthusiast-conceived idea with a tubed space-frame, Herald front suspension, a Corsair back-end with new trailing double-wishbone suspension, and a smart fibreglass body. Then there was the Nathan GT, project of a GT Champion, with an unusual plywood monocoque centre-section to which tubular space-frame sections are bolted. With the rear-mounted Imp engine enlarged to one litre and said to poke out 107 bhp, this one was a racing-type coupé. They claimed 120 mph and 0–60 mph in six seconds from a Cortina 1600 GT-engined Piper and over 120 mph from the Nathan, but I haven't timed either. The Probe and Davina likewise use Imp power but the Turner was a neat front-engined sports car with a bonnet waiting to take a BMC 948 cc motor.

If you like wearing overalls and working in your own garage on a creative project, there is much that is likeable in this kit-car game. The makers like it, too. For one thing, they can get their ideas for ingenious cars into production, with the customers' help, without the need for a destruction test insisted upon by bureaucracy. Can there be anything more depressing than running, say, over £52,000-worth of Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow into a wall, just to see whether those who do this to their own Shadows will survive? Kit-car folk avoid that, the logic being that there will be too few of them built-up and used to matter, one way or the other.

If you are young and not easily defeated, I think kit-car construction is to be recommended, if only to glimpse how Herbert Austin and Henry Royce felt when they began to make motors. The choice is quite large, and it includes not only the sports-jobs but 2+2s, mokes, and even the Sierra Rancho estate for mounting on an Escort base. The one with the longest run is the Caterham Super Seven, reminder of the days when Colin Chapman drove trials cars and Lotus won races. In the more hairy of many permutations this little beaut, in road-going top-form, will do a genuine 90–110 mph and go from 0-60 mph in under seven seconds. The Caterham Sevens are raced, they are really shells for completion, *not* kits, and the degrees of tune Graham Nearn can rustle up must constitute the ultimate Special builders' paradise. Prices run from £3,385 *sans* tax for a rolling chassis to £6,316 for the Twin Cam Caterham after car tax and VAT have been paid.



'Missing? Stone me, no, Squire. Just one of the economy points of the big motor – they rarely use all their cylinders at once.'

Things a young girl ought to know

A useful, practical and highly informative guide to love, lust and the essential facts of life for young ladies in their later teenage years. This information is supplied, after extensive field research, in the interests of public education

There is absolutely no need for your parents to know anything about this little booklet.

YOU'VE PROBABLY BEEN WONDERING . . .

About those curious sensations in your body . . . about those warm 'ticklish' feelings you've been having the last couple of years . . . About all those things your parents said they'd talk to you about, 'when you're a little older'.

Well, we want you to know that, as far as we're concerned, you're old enough *now*! Old enough to know what your body wants to do . . . and how to do it. Old enough to be a fully knowledgeable, skilled young woman.

It's important that you get this information candidly, clearly, fully. So first of all – and this is important – don't ask your parents. In fact, don't even show them this booklet! It's not that they don't want the best for you. But they grew up in an earlier age, when the facts of life and love were considered shameful . . . something to keep secret. Well, we don't think it's shameful at all. We think it's terrific. And we want you to get the best out of all the wonderful experiences soon to come your way. So listen, look – and then, welcome to the wonderful world of fulfilment.

WHAT KIND OF MAN MAKES THE BEST LOVER?

Unfortunately, many men who seem attractive on the surface are actually strongly homosexual – often without even knowing it. Men with lean waists, over-developed chests, arms and shoulders, and clear skins are actually unconsciously obsessed by male bodies.

You should stay far away from men who are athletes or rock-stars, and men who feel compelled to dress in fancy suits with clean shirts and polished shoes. These 'men' often have a compulsion to spend money on sumptuous meals, taxi-rides, and expensive trinkets to compensate for their affliction. Experienced, self-confident lovers – the kind *you* want – don't need to alter the natural contours of their bodies. They are content with slender arms, relaxed chests, and waists with a comfortable amount of flesh – which can come in handy during moments of intimacy (why do you think they call them love-handles?). Introspective, thoughtful men with a sense of humour are especially valuable; men who write humour pieces for magazines, for example, or men who read the pieces. One other tip: married men can be depended on *not* to cause embarrassing rumours about you at home or at school. Men on short business trips are discreet, grateful, and particularly driven by passion. Look for them!

When you find the ideal man, unbutton the top of your blouse, walk over, and ask to buy him a drink.

Compliment the man on how soft his bed feels, then test the size by hooking your ankles over each side.

HOW CAN I MEET REAL MEN?

When looking for the ideal man – about thirty-five to forty-five, married, on a business trip, with enough flab to assure you of his masculinity – go to the bar of a medium-small hotel about 8 at night. Look around the room: then, when you've found your man, unbutton the top four buttons of your blouse, walk over to him, wink, and whisper in his ear: 'Hello, Uncle, fancy meeting you. Can I buy you a drink?' This is a great conversational ice-breaker, and things will progress naturally from there.

HOW CAN I STOP HIM BEING BORED?

Having found your ideal man in the hotel bar, what next? Sexy and successful men are always interested in figures and numbers. (Can you imagine a millionaire who couldn't add up?) Tell him interesting figures: your age, your bust measurement, your knicker size etc. Later, as your friendship ripens, ask *him* about numbers: his room number, for instance. If he seems pleased, insist on his playing this amusing numbers game: you each memorise his room number, or yours if you happen to be staying at the hotel. You then see who can get to it first, *but you have to go by different routes*. You mustn't be seen together going up the stairs or in the lift. That would spoil the game.

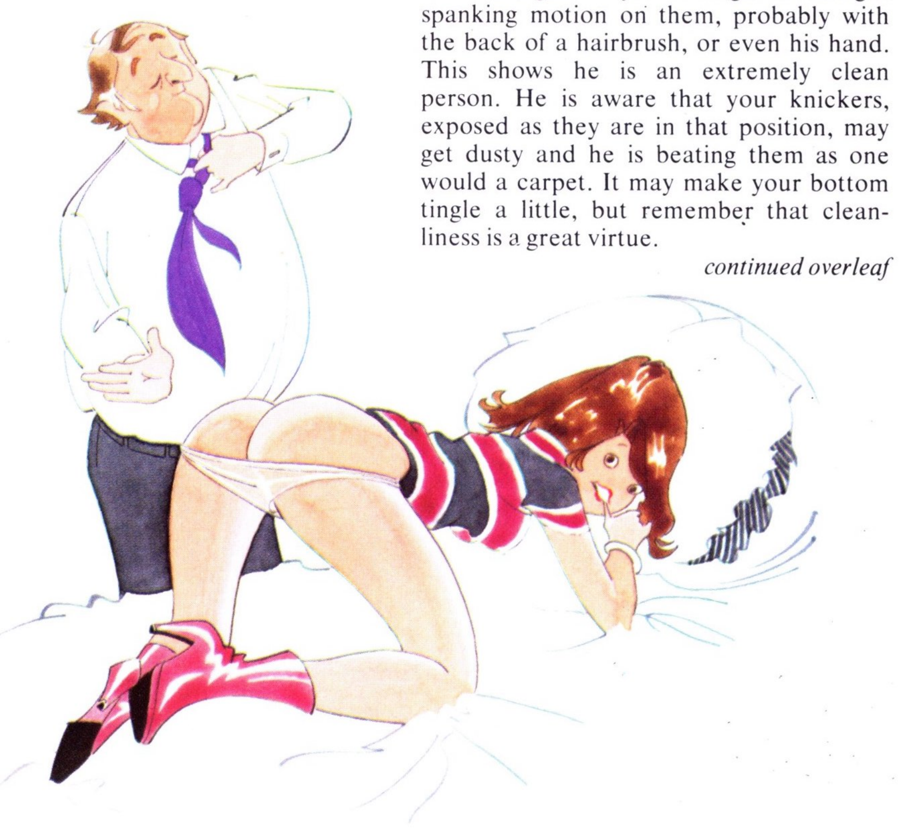
WHAT DO I DO WHEN WE GET TO HIS HOTEL BEDROOM?

Naturally, the most important thing in a bedroom is the bed. It's good manners to compliment the man on it. Sit on it, bounce up and down and say how soft and comfy it feels. Because men like figures, as you've already learnt, it is very sophisticated to be able to tell him how wide the bed is. Men love silly information like that. Of course, you probably haven't got a ruler with you so here's a clever way to find the width of the bed. It's cheating really but men are so simple they'll never guess. Lay back on the bed and open your legs as wide as they will go. Try to hook your ankles over the edge of the bed. If your legs are at an angle of ninety degrees it's a three foot six bed. But if you're almost doing the splits its an expensive and luxurious four or five foot bed. Talking of doing the splits reminds us. Stretching like this can strain clothing. If you're wearing trousers, slip them off first. Come to think of it, some knickers are very weak in the seams these days. Better slip them off, too.

SUPPOSE I'M TOO SHY?

It's quite understandable to be shy in a man's bedroom. Sensitive men, especially the older and more rounded ones, will want to help you. Best thing to do is to climb on the bed and bury your face in the pillow. Hide your blushes. He'll see even less of your face if you obscure it by pushing your bottom in the air. If you should feel your knickers being gently lowered, it's a sign that he's a really thoughtful person. Everyone knows that you loosen clothes to get more air if a person is feeling a little over-warm. Show you appreciate it by keeping your knees well apart – it will help the easy circulation of air. So that you're not embarrassed he'll probably loosen his own clothing too. If you make a practice of wearing small and loosely-woven knickers, normally called see-through, the more mature man may not need to pull them down straight away. You might feel a light spanking motion on them, probably with the back of a hairbrush, or even his hand. This shows he is an extremely clean person. He is aware that your knickers, exposed as they are in that position, may get dusty and he is beating them as one would a carpet. It may make your bottom tingle a little, but remember that cleanliness is a great virtue.

continued overleaf



Cleanliness is a virtue, and might beat the dust out of your knickers with his hand.

HOW . . . 'BIG' . . . SHOULD A MAN BE?

Don't be shy about this. It's an important question, and one surrounded by confusion. The average man's penis is $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches long. Men substantially larger than this must often undergo painful surgery to cure their condition. In thickness, the average man is somewhat larger than a ball-point pen.

HOW . . . 'LONG' . . . SHOULD A MAN LAST?

Some men can prolong the sex act beyond the once-impenetrable thirty-second barrier; intercourse with an experienced man can go on for up to fifty seconds. Once in a long while, you'll find a man who can 'last' as long as a minute. Whatever you do, don't let your girlfriends know you've hooked one of these 'sixty second wonders'.

HOW DO I KNOW IF I'M HAVING AN ORGASM?

The female orgasm is a sensation that's very hard to put into words. But most fulfilled, experienced women agree that it, 'feels like something sticky inside of you'. When a man's penis is inside your vagina, or mouth, that is an orgasm.

You'll find that a *really* skilled lover applies the same technique to love as a gourmet does to a meal; he 'leaves a little something on your plate'. When, after intercourse, you feel a vague sensation that there could be 'a bit more to come', that 'vaguely unsatisfied feeling', then you can be sure you've experienced a sexually memorable adventure.

WHAT IS A MULTIPLE ORGASM?

There is no such thing.

WHAT ABOUT ORAL SEX?

Oral sex is learning to speak sexily. Men like girls who do this well. Here is a good way to practise. Good speakers are those who know how to use a microphone properly. Don't just speak into it. Put your lips round it and squeeze it gently with your lips. This is an excellent exercise for lip muscles. But how do you get hold of a microphone? Fortunately, most of the men we're telling you about keep a practice one about their persons. Like a policeman's truncheon, it's kept down the trouser leg. . . . Ask if you may take it out. . . .

WHAT IS AFTERPLAY?

Men have many ways of expressing their satisfaction. His satisfied sigh, followed by a deep, consuming sleep, is a sure sign that he, and you, are 'Good In Bed'. Another example of male afterplay is his turning on a football match on TV after climax.

Many women find a particularly satisfying post-coital experience in going into the kitchen and bringing a nice cold beer back for the man, along with a light snack – a sandwich, peanuts, piece of chocolate cake – to help her lover put back depleted calories.

WHAT IS IMPOTENCE?

Impotence is what happens when a girl fails to stimulate her man properly. This can happen when her figure is not perfect, or when she tries to talk to him for too long before getting into bed with him.

When this happens, you can help by turning on a sports event on TV, or getting your man a sandwich. Another really good 'foreplay' technique is to invite a good-looking girlfriend over, and do whatever he asks, to him or to each other, while he watches.

HOW CAN I KEEP THE MYSTERY ALIVE?

One good way to keep things from getting routine is to vary your dress. Garter belts, black mesh stockings, leather or rubber suits will all help to get your man's attention. Also, don't keep playing 'one-on-one'. Invite your more attractive and energetic girlfriends to take part in your sex-life.

Another technique – and we think the best – is to use *anonymous names*. Have your lover call himself 'Mr Brown'. Don't let him tell you where he lives, or his home telephone number. You'll find it lends an air of real mystery to the affair.

IF I GET PREGNANT, HOW DO I KNOW WHO THE FATHER IS?

There's absolutely no way to tell.

WHERE SHOULD A MAN TAKE ME?

Because so many homosexual men like to take their 'dates' out for fancy meals, look for the man who will send you to a local Wimpy bar or Chinese takeaway for a snack. That means his mind's not on food – so you *know* what he's thinking about.

WHAT HAPPENS IF HE DOESN'T CALL ME?

He may be trying to keep the romance alive. Go out every few weeks to the bar of the small hotel in the evening, and look to see if he's come back. If he hasn't, find another man who sort of looks like him and maybe writes humourous pieces for magazines, and try the 'Can I buy you a drink' technique with him. You may find you've met a *new*, exciting lover.

IF YOU STILL NEED HELP – *WE'RE HERE . . .*

Just call our exclusive hotline, 242-1593: we can answer all your questions. If you can send them along with a recent photo (preferably nude), we can send an editor to your own home to provide personal counselling. You pay only railway fare, hotel bills, taxi fares, sundry expenses, and a ridiculously small consulting fee.

Keep the mystery alive by varying your dress, or by inviting your more attractive and energetic friends over to take part in your sex-life. This will help to keep your man's interest.

Bored with Bugattis, I took to the air, met the hard loving, hard drinking flying set, and then I rarely came down to earth

How I lost Heathrow and found a blonde...

By Count Zichy

'Now, first of all, I'll show you the effect of the controls on the aircraft...' The Chief Flying Instructor's voice reached my ears via the intercom phones connected to my flying helmet. Goggles protecting the eyes, heavy muffler and thick fur coat were only just sufficient protection against the penetrating cold at three thousand feet in the open rear cockpit of the faithful Tiger Moth, workhorse and plaything for hundreds of budding pilots in the carefree prewar decade.

The year was 1937 in late February and the CFI's voice droned on, explaining and demonstrating the use of the rudder, and elevators, his voice underlined by the steady purr of the Gipsy Major engine. Below us Surrey spread out with patches of unmelted snow dotting the landscape...

Having lost the taste – and my nerve – for racing Bugattis, I had convinced myself that flying as a pastime was far less dangerous (it is too unless one does anything bloody stupid which I, of course, did). So one fine day I presented myself in the office of the Brooklands Flying Club and explained that I wished to become an intrepid apprentice birdman. I was duly enrolled as a member, then taken into the bar by the Chief Flying Instructor and given one of the stiffest whiskies it has ever been my pleasure to quaff. And then another – and another, which should have prepared me for whatever was in store.

Gradually other members and their wives and girlfriends drifted in and I was introduced and given further whiskies. Among the hard core of this club – about eight members and their women – some were beyond any doubt the most amusing, witty, attractive, hard-drinking, hard

ILLUSTRATION BY KEN LAIDLAW

fucking collection of bitches and sons of bitches I have encountered under one roof. There was a natural chemistry which made them quite irresistible. The bar bills – and the takings – were astronomical, the women were amoral and absolutely fascinating. Being unattached (except for a rather delicious Yank blonde who only visited England occasionally) in one week I had been initiated in every clandestine emergency landing field in the district and had an absolute ball playing musical bitches. I was a new type which had to be test-flown while the paint was still fresh and passed on to the next customer with remarks, comments and recommendations.

"Trisha tells me you're terrific fun in bed. Will you sleep with me tonight so I can compare notes with her tomorrow? She's buying me lunch at Quags. . ." Husbands grinned, winked knowingly, slapped me on the back, and stood me drinks, so that in the course of the first few weeks, I met many kindred souls and struck up firm friendships both male and female which lasted until the war scattered us all over the globe.

I recall nostalgically a grand bunch of delightful people with their Bentleys, Lagondas, Alvises and MGs, and their elegant houses in the vicinity of the airfield. Sid, for example, who had a Spanish girlfriend who once innocently referred to him as 'El Sid' and, of course, the name stuck. There was bearded Gus whose habit of exclaiming 'What fun!' meant he became 'Fungus'. And Douglas who was followed everywhere by a large black Labrador until one day it was run over by a bus and from then on he became 'Dogless'. And Sandy, conceited as hell, always glancing at himself sideways at his image in the bar mirrors: 'Sandy Ego'; Cy a queer (now gay) songwriter from the USA, for obvious reasons 'Cy no more ladies'; and ambidextrous Bert who started out by escorting one of the wives and became 'Herbert' and when the husband – no spoilsport he – joined in the fun, became 'His and Herbert'. Puerile schoolboy humour which resides in bottles and still makes me shudder to think of it.

There was also some flying to be learned and practised. By today's standards of intense indoctrination, the course was very easy going. I went solo after six hours dual, and got my 'A' Licence – Private Pilot's Licence today – after a further five hours solo flying. Today the equivalent times would be some 30 hours and 50 or more hours respectively. On the other hand, the Wright brothers and Bleriot never had any instruction at all and survived.

Having reached the 'solo' stage, one could do pretty well what one liked and fly where one wanted. There were always seven or eight Tigers lined up on the tarmac and if one felt the urge – and could tear oneself away from the bar or an amiable lay – one simply climbed into one of the aircraft, an Erk gave the prop a swing, chocks away and off one went.

The first time I took off to fly to London Airport, I couldn't find it. But instead I found a blonde.

The CFI's briefing was, 'Fly about ten miles North-East to Heston – you can't miss it, its just past the *Ace of Spades* on the Great North Road. Turn west for four miles following the road to Heathrow, turn south, over the Staines reservoir – you'll see a tongue of land in the centre, well, that points straight at Brooklands. Stay on course about twelve miles and you should complete the triangle and be back here in about an hour. It's overcast all the way, ceiling at 1,500 ft, there's some drizzle and a few showers about – nothing serious but visibility is down to two miles locally. Oh, and by the way – there's a deliberate mistake in this briefing – if you spot it and tell me what it is, I'll know you accomplished the mission successfully.'

I selected a Tiger, taxied out, turned into wind and took off, climbing gently at the approved 50 mph. The compass needle is always sluggish to respond on a northerly course, so I weaved rather drunkenly until it settled on 015°. I levelled off at 1,300 feet. Visibility was about three or four miles but I could see some scattered showers about. I gulped. This was my first cross-country flight in uncertain weather.

Windsor Castle loomed hazily to port as I crossed the Thames at Laleham over the reservoir. I was slightly off course, and corrected to starboard. Ten minutes later I reached the Great West Road with its unending stream of traffic on the dual carriageway. I had aimed at the Bath Road junction but had over-corrected and found myself above the *Ace of Spades* – a rather in-place of the era where one could drive out for breakfast at 6 am. I banked smartly to left, altered the compass setting to 290° and almost immediately Heston hove into sight.

Visibility dropped to a mile and the ceiling was down to 800 ft, but even flying at 500, wisps of cloud obliterated the view and horizon ahead – a traumatic ordeal for a comparative novice. At that height one hasn't much margin for error and the Hillingdon-Uxbridge junction hit me so suddenly I hardly had time to bank steeply to port before overshooting.

In principle, I *should* have been able to see the Staines reservoir ahead but during the turn I had run under a drizzle and the first droplets reduced to spray by the propeller, hit the windscreen. Visibility down to a couple of hundred yards – and, of course, my final landmark, Heathrow, should have been directly under me – or as near as dammit – or slightly to port or starboard. . .?

But it wasn't. Heathrow was nowhere to be seen. I throttled back and circled, searching the ground – I was over what looked like a fenced-in meadow or field with a sort of track, made by field carts, cutting across it. By the fence stood some wooden huts, a corrugated hayshed and a largish tent. No markings of any kind. I scanned the map, folded to display the area in question – and suddenly it struck me – there was no airfield shown on the map either. Christ! Where was I?

At that point I ran into a heavy shower and the meadow was almost blanked out – worse still, my homeward course was blocked completely. Persisting would have meant flying through the shower blind which I, without experience in instrument flying, was not prepared to take a chance on. To hell with bloody Heathrow. I did a split-arse turn at full throttle, fastened on to the Great West Road towards London and heaved a sigh of relief as Heston

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Count Zichy, himself, pictured in front of a Puss Moth at Brooklands back in 1937.

How I lost Heathrow . . .

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returned into view. It looked tiny from the air as I circled, took a reading by the windsock and side-slipped into a gusting wind down to the field. It was as bumpy as hell and at that moment as I started to taxi, there was a minor cloudburst. This was the first time I had landed solo away from home base on a strange field in bad weather.

Heston had seen its moment of glory but was already obsolete since London's main air traffic centre had been moved to Croydon. I explained to the control wallah that I was cross-countrying for my 'A' Licence, didn't like the weather and would he please inform Brooklands that I was alive and well. He said he would and if I cared to wait in the bar, it was over there, but they only had a beer licence.

'By the way', I said fumbling with my map, 'Bloody Heathrow – where the hell is it? My CFI told me to turn south on the last leg of the triangle, but all I found was a meadow with a hayshed.'

The controller grinned and he took my map. 'Heathrow isn't on any map because it's a private field used by Fairey Aviation. Actually, it's just *here*', he put a cross where I had circled and turned back, 'But officially it isn't an airfield. That's why it isn't shown.'

H'm. The CFI's deliberate mistake, damn him. He could stuff that up his jumper for a start. He certainly succeeded in getting my wind up.

I strolled over to the adjoining wooden building. Inside was a small room with a bar and some stools, a few kegs of beer, the ubiquitous prop on the wall, photographs of Alcock and Brown, – and at the bar with a glass of milk in front of her, sat a blonde who turned and smiled and said: 'Hello.'

I said, 'Hello – and WOW!' which was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

All my life I have had this weakness for blondes. I have known cool blondes, wiggly blondes, leggy blondes and sparkling blondes. But my favourite type, for the sake of whom I would travel long distances, was what I describe as a 'tired blonde' – the languid, exquisitely groomed, slightly bored blonde with rings under her eyes, lines on her face and a lived-in look.

This girl, Shelagh Sheppard let's call her, was the tiredest blonde I have ever encountered. In fact, she was so tired as to appear permanently exhausted and I loved her on sight. She had this wonderful gin-sodden voice (it turned out to be whisky) which told me she had been shopping and had stopped off at the Heston Flying Club for a drink (the glass in front of her contained milk alright but laced half and half with whisky). She lived about five miles away not far from the non-existent Fairey/Heathrow airfield and since the weather showed no sign of clearing up, she invited me back to her rather charming pseudo-Tudor house, which I had no cause to regret. I stayed for breakfast. And so I could find the house again, I marked it on the map with a cross just south of the cross indicating Heathrow.

After I had introduced her to the Brooklands crowd, she became everyone's favourite girl and her home referred to affectionately as 'Hysterectomy Hall' and/or 'Clitoris Cottage'. She was one of the few genuine 24-carat nymphomaniacs I have met and since Brooklands in those days was only about thirty minutes drive away, whenever the weather was 'QBI' – Quite Bloody Impossible – or just because one happened to feel like a good lay in the hay, one would take off from the clubhouse for an hour or so for an informal visit to what could be called 'Mrs. Sheppard's Bush'. It was literally open to all comers, male or female, at all hours of the day or night and the welcome was always the same.

'Hello, daaarling – have you come to fuck me or have you just dropped in for a drink?' Bless her big heart, she never touched anything but milk and whisky for thirty years and lived to be seventy-plus still looking splendid. Alas, she's now dead.

El Sid, Fungus, Dogless, Sandy Ego and myself, formed a small group which, whenever the weather was fine, would clamber into various aircraft and take off on a 'club crawl' around Southern England. There were flying clubs at Shoreham, Lympne, Redhill, Biggin Hill and Croydon. In those days Croydon was London's main airport from which flew the lumbering Imperial Airways HP 42s twice daily on the London-Paris run.

Under the benevolent guidance of the Chief Instructor whose name was Waller, we would do the rounds hopping from airfield to airfield, meeting up in the club bars, buying or being bought drinks, enjoying a chat with the local members. Towards evening when we could hardly stand and couldn't distinguish the instruments on the dashboard let alone decipher our maps for navigating, a most extraordinary piece of formation flying would develop known as 'Foller the Waller back home'. Waller, of course, could find his way home blindfolded and everyone else, stoned out of our tiny minds, desperately fastened on to his tail, weaving and wobbling through the calm evening air until our airfield hove into sight. Somehow by the grace of God, we always got home safely and what training that was! The CFI's premise was that these idiots are bound to fly pissed sooner or later so they had better learn to handle a plane that way from the start. How right he was!

I soon managed to acquire some modest notoriety, partly because I carried my drink rather well and partly because in those days whenever I embarked on anything, something else entirely unscheduled, arose therefrom. For instance, I was the only pupil who almost succeeded in losing his flying instructor while in the air.

One of our instructors, Bernie, was a grand old boy who had once been in a nasty crash which left him with a split upper lip and no roof to his mouth. This caused a speech impediment and he was not always easy to understand, especially when he became agitated. He also enjoyed a drink and was particularly attached to his lunchtime constitutional.

About that time, I seemed to wander through life permanently half-stoned in the daytime and completely paralytic from 8 pm on. I had not passed my 'A' test yet and on one particularly nice day after an excellent lunch, I felt it would be pleasant to sweep away the cobwebs with a spin over Southern England in springtime.

I looked around for an instructor to keep me company and found old Bernie propping up the bar with his nose in a brandy. He agreed to my request for a checkout and because of his speech difficulty, I failed to realise that he had been indulging rather freely during the luncheon break. Mind you, so had I, which contributed to my lack of observation.

We climbed into a Tiger, Bernie not without difficulty because he was a big man. The Tiger was a two-seater tandem biplane with open cockpits, and the rule was that the pupil sat in the rear cockpit with the instructor in front. Dialogue was carried out via the intercom. The mouthpieces were mounted on flexible tubes adjustable to mouthlevel during speech, but otherwise were pushed out of the way. I succeeded in fastening my harness, plugged in

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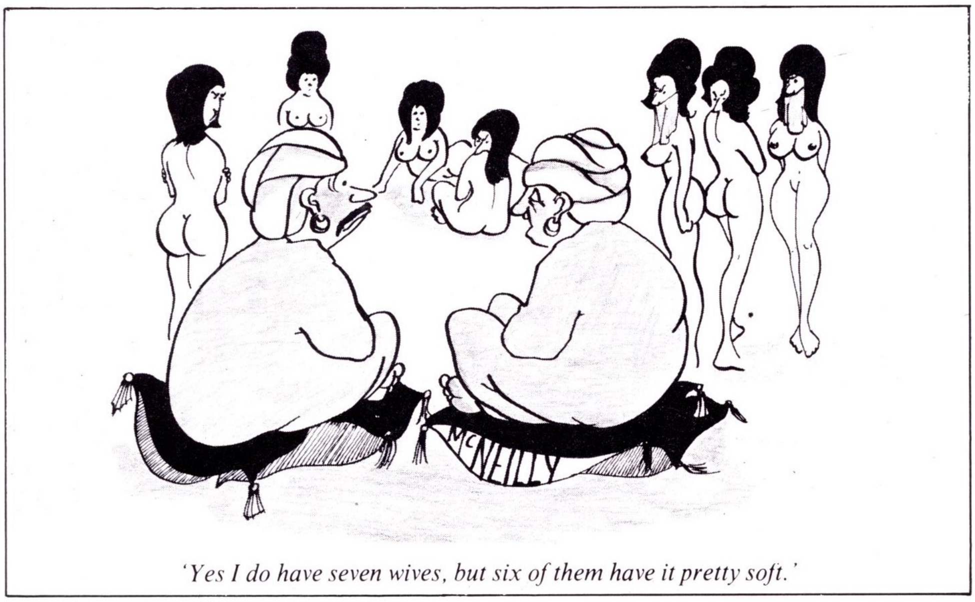

'Yes I do have seven wives, but six of them have it pretty soft.'

How I lost Heathrow . . .

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my intercom and heard old Bernie say, 'She's all yours, old boy. Take her up.' So I did.

We purred along over Surrey at 2,000 feet. I went through various manoeuvres I had learned to date, did a few mild figure eights, tested the various effects of the controls at different speeds, and so on. After a while I got a bit bored so I said over the intercom, 'Okay if I practise a few loops?'

Over my earphones came an answer which sounded rather like, 'Nyeh, nyeh, nyeh, wah, wah,' which I took to be affirmative so without further ado, I had a good look around for other aircraft, pushed the stick forward then pulled out of the dive, applied full throttle and up went the nose and over and down . . . and into another dive.

I was slightly puzzled at Bernie's behaviour in the front cockpit. Under normal conditions all I could see of him was the back of his helmet, but now, while the Tiger was upside down on the top of the loop, he became visible, shoulders and all about as far down as where his kidneys would be. As I pulled out of the first loop and the Tiger was right side up, he settled back into his seat and over the intercom came agitated noises which I took to be praise for my performance but the mouthpiece was too far from his mouth to be intelligible.

Thus encouraged, I went into the second loop and once again, while on the top of it, old Bernie emerged like a reluctant inverted Jack-in-the-Box. Not being very experienced, I concluded that what he was doing must be some highly professional method for checking the precision of the loop relative to the nose on the horizon, so he was somehow rising in his seat in order to see better.

After the second loop, having pulled out, I levelled off and at that moment a hurricane force volume of sound blasted through the intercom emanating from the very indignant Bernie, 'What the bloody hell are you doing, you blithering idiot? I haven't got my fucking harness on!'

How he had managed to survive two loops clinging to a couple of struts by his finger-tips, is a mystery. I would have felt rather upset if I had suddenly beheld the old boy plummeting earthwards from 3,000 feet without a parachute. But I don't think he ever took off with a pupil again without fastening his harness. Especially if he intended to enjoy a quiet after lunch snooze in the cockpit.

As for me, I was so relieved at having brought him back alive that I dived into the bar and bought drinks all round.

* * *

At first one flew under VFR – Visual Flight Rules – which meant keeping well away from cloud and mainly, out of it. Then, following some cursory instruction in instrument flying, one advanced to IFC – Instrument Flying Conditions – and after passing a simple test in the use of the few primitive instruments on the dashboard, blacked out under a hood, one was cleared to fly in cloud.

However, it takes two to tango – and only two aircraft to make a collision, as I very nearly found out on one glorious summer's day. It was one of those sparkling mornings when it was good to be young and alive, visibility from here to eternity, no wind and a deep blue sky. There was just one fat little cumulus cloud hovering over the airfield at about 3,000 feet and it had been floating there contentedly all morning as there was no wind to blow it away and it wasn't warm enough yet for the sun to disperse it.

When flying blind in cloud on instruments, it is not so much keeping the aircraft straight and level which presents a problem to a beginner. It is when things start going wrong. And since when flying blind what you are utterly convinced you are doing bears no relationship to what you are in fact up to, you can get into an awful muddle.

So on this glorious day with the windsock pointing straight at the ground and the little cumulus cloud beckoning invitingly, the opportunity to practise my blind-flying technique was too good to be missed. Five minutes later I was climbing steeply to 3,000 feet and arrived at the cloud which was about one square mile in diameter dead ahead of me. I let out a sort of cowboy 'Yippee!', dived into the cloud and surrounded by a grey mist alone in the world, proceeded to do everything wrong that I could think of – stalled, got into a spin, skidded out of a tight turn, did a falling leaf, slow rolled, etc. – then tried to correct on my instruments. I didn't always succeed and several times literally *fell* out of the cloud in the most extraordinary positions – which, of course, once in full visibility it was easy to get out of and back I went into the cumulus to try some other manoeuvre.

After thirty minutes, I'd had enough so I glided back to the field, landed, taxied to the hangar and switched off. I sauntered into the bar feeling pleased with myself and ordered a Pimms, just as another Tiger, which must have landed on my tail, taxied in, parked neatly beside mine and the bod in it – one of the keen types – clambered out, sauntered into the bar and ordered a beer. He said, 'Hullo, Zich. Nice day. Saw you landing ahead of me. Where have you been?'

I said: 'Nowhere. Just local stuff. Practising cloud flying actually.'

I saw the bod turn pale and his hand reaching for his beer stopped dead in mid-air and began to shake. '*In that*?' – he asked in a trembling voice, pointing at the cumulus cloud.

'Yes, of course,' I said. 'There isn't another bloody cloud anywhere for miles. I've been cavorting about in it for half an hour like a March hare in – er – March. Having a ball.'

'Jesus wept!' – said the bod. 'So have I.'

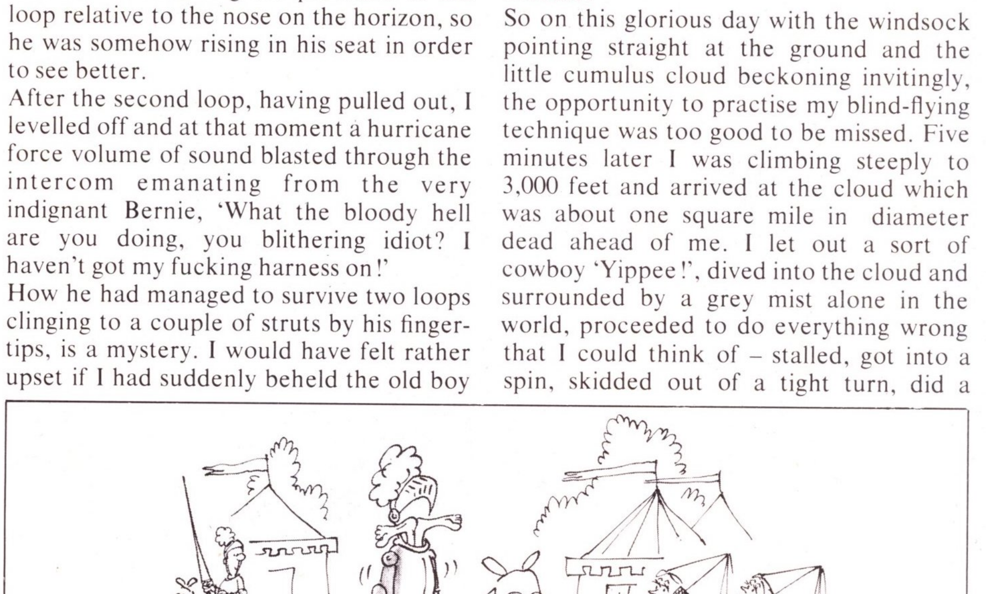
I had a vision of our two guardian angels perched on the edge of the cloud peeing themselves with laughter. 'Wheee! . . . Oops! . . . Wow! . . . Whew, that was close! . . . D'you think Head Office would mind if we allowed them just a *teeny-weeny* prang? . . . You mean, like head-on? Thankfully, their sense of duty prevailed.

* * *

A few months ago, rummaging in an old trunk, I found a pile of my early flying junk – helmet, goggles, computers, maps, etc. One of the maps was the one I used in my pupil days – Heathrow was marked with the cross put there by the Heston controller 45 years ago and 'Hysterectomy Hall' was shown by the cross I put there after my first visit. Nostalgia welled up. . .

Shortly afterwards, I drove down to Heathrow/London Airport – from little acorns and all that crap – and had no trouble finding it this time, well, it *is* rather conspicuous these days. On the way down, I cut straight across Heston by courtesy of the M4 which ploughs through it. A pity – they served good beer there. I was meeting a friend arriving at Terminal 3 at midnight and while waiting, bored by the inevitable two hour delay, I began making some calculations and measurements with a plan of the airport and a road map I collected from the car. And I reached the conclusion that the long since demolished 'Hysterectomy Hall' once stood more or less where now the gents loo in the arrival part of Terminal 3 is situated.

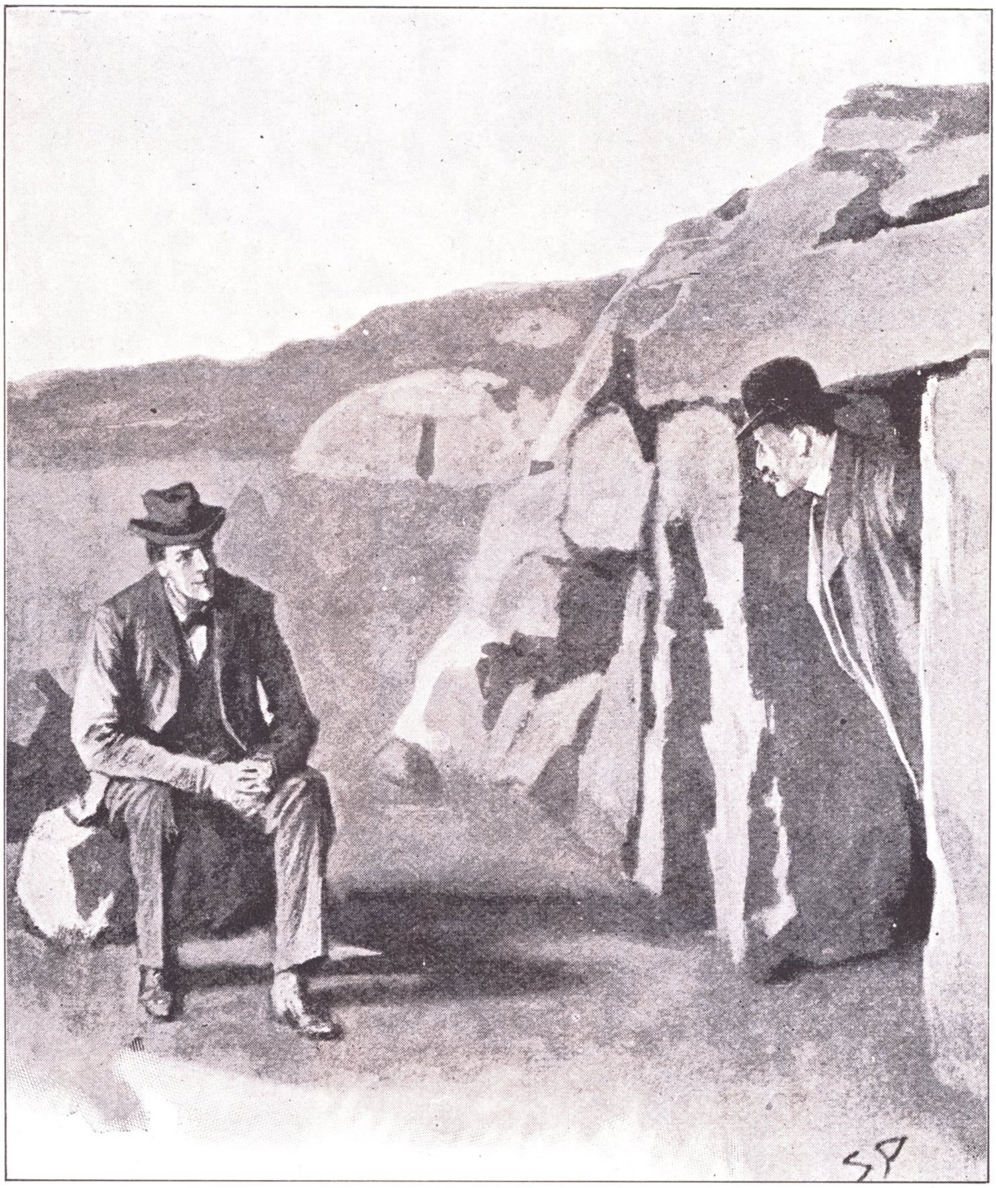
Sometime later responding to Nature's call, I made use of that contemporary facility. And I could have sworn I heard that amiable whisky-soaked voice greeting me with the long-forgotten words: 'Hello, daaarling – have you come to fuck me – or have you just dropped in for a pee?'



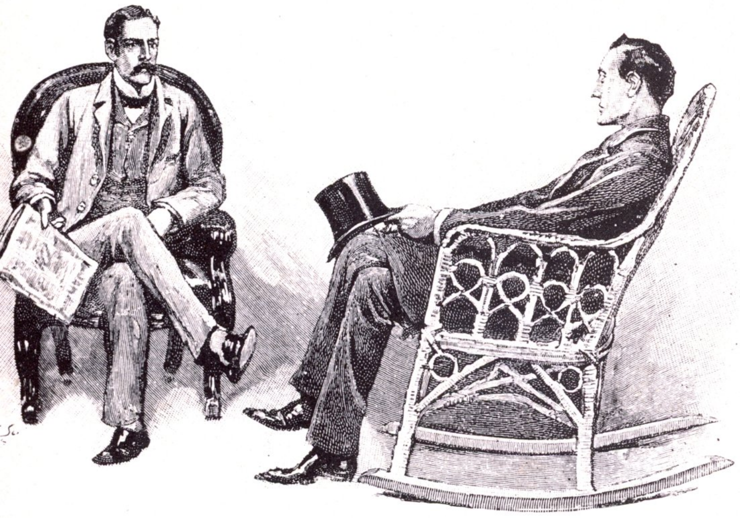
'I fear Sir Rodney has received a nasty shaking!'

THE CASE OF THE SUSPECT CAPTIONS

Sherlock Holmes stories were illustrated by the Victorians who so loved melodrama that the captions were almost an anti-climax. We restore the balance with our own irreverent – not to say rude – alternatives



'I say, Holmes old chap, you don't happen to have a toilet roll, I suppose?'

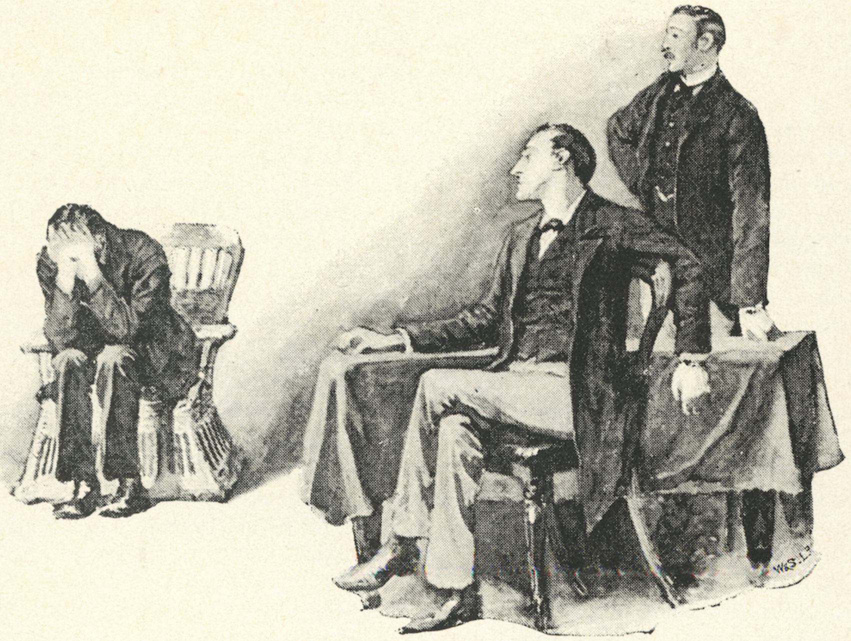


'Highly original, Holmes, but I'm sure the young lady will find a condom more comfortable.'

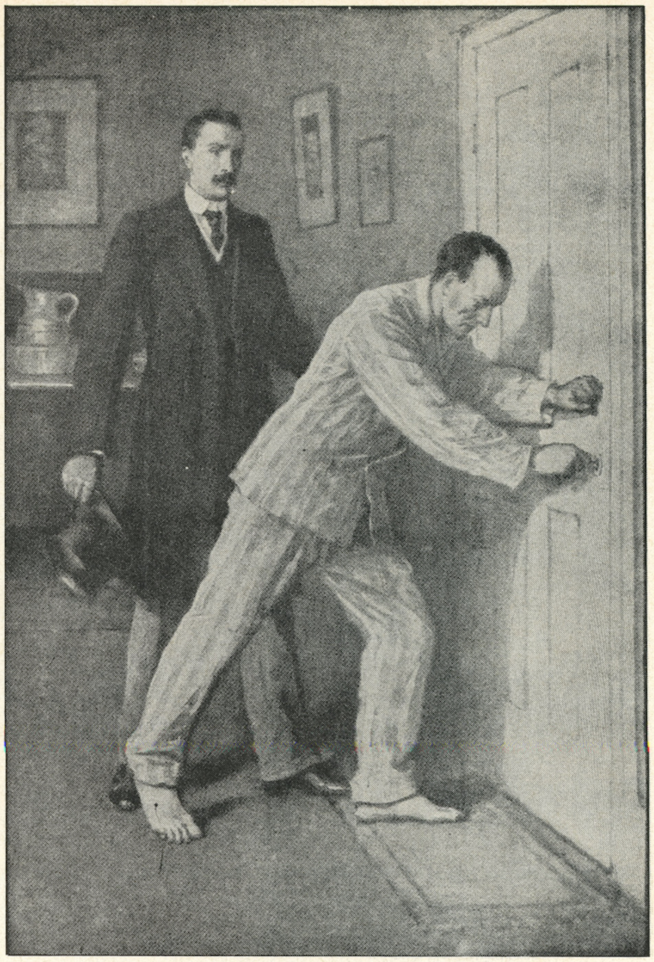
'It's five guineas for a blow job and remember it all goes to the Church Restoration Fund.'

'Really, Holmes, you could wait until he has taken his trousers down.'

'And now, ladies, raise your dresses at the back and take up a position thus. . . .'



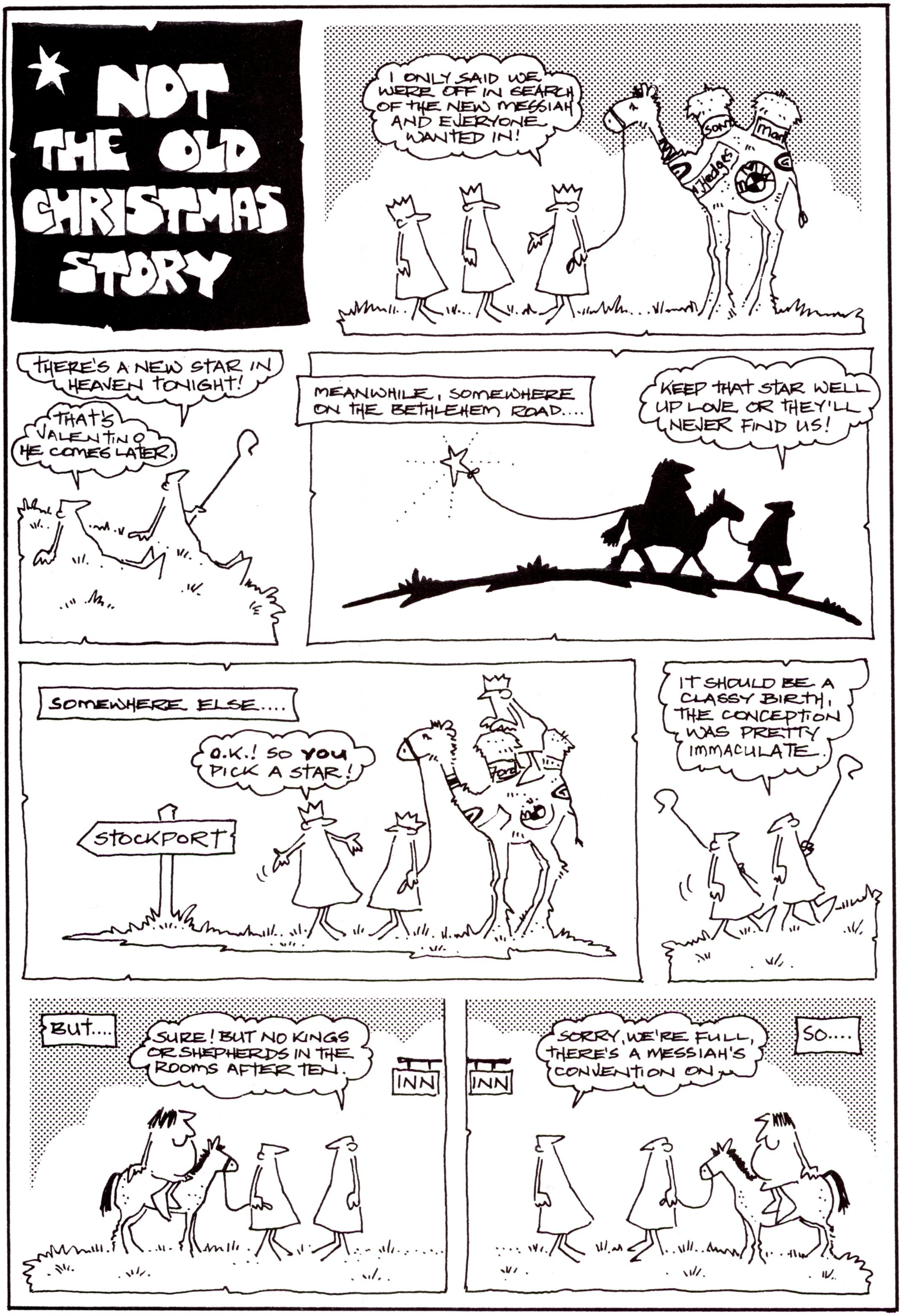
'I think, Watson, that this means that it is our turn to go and hide. . . .'

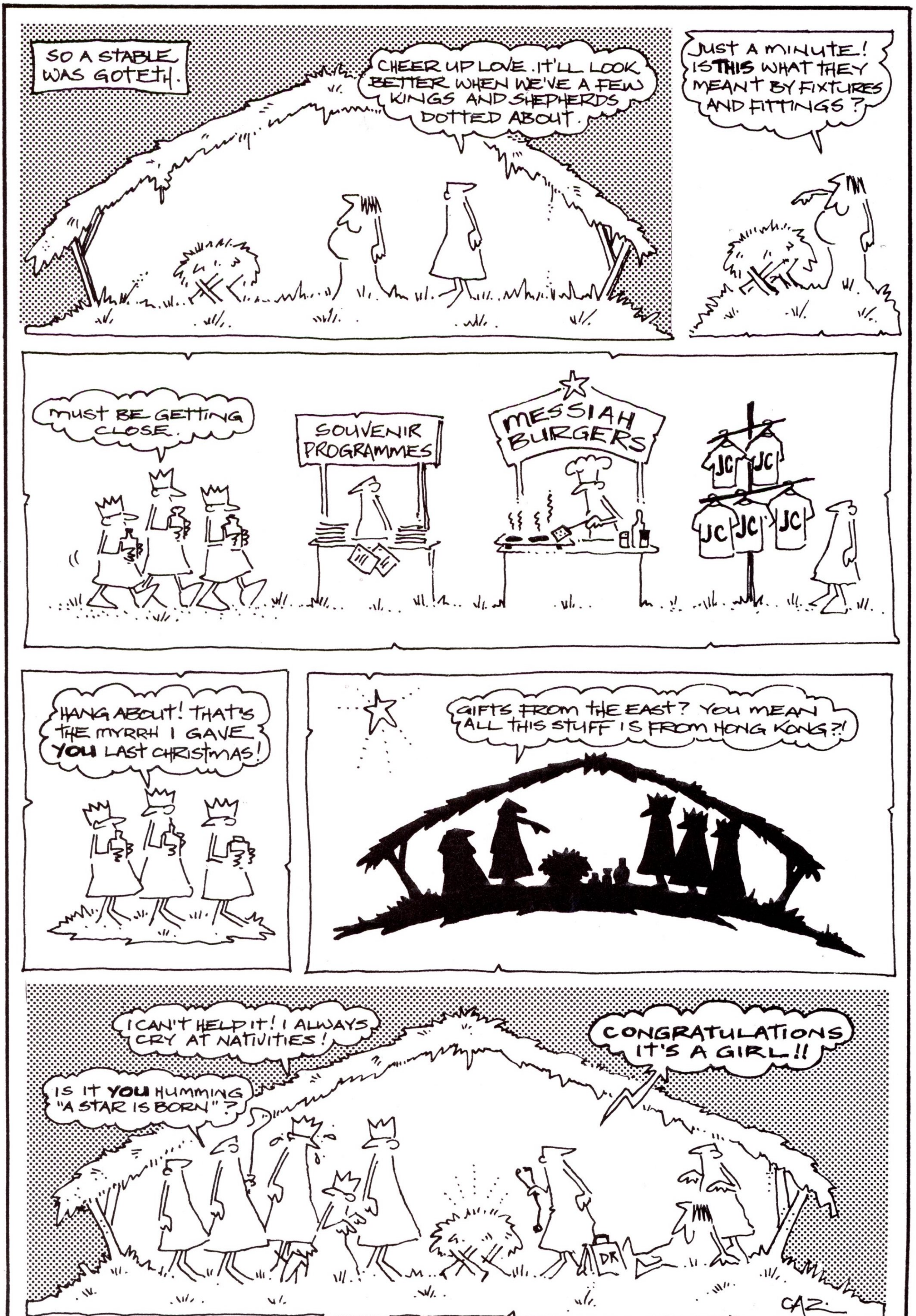


'Come on out, you bugger! You're not the only one who had curry for dinner!'

'I say, father, you could at least clean this dog turd from the front doorstep.

'I'm not kidding, mum, it was this big.'


NOT THE OLD CHRISTMAS STORY
I ONLY SAID WE WERE OFF IN SEARCH OF THE NEW MESSIAH AND EVERYONE WANTED IN!
THERE'S A NEW STAR IN HEAVEN TONIGHT!
THAT'S VALENTINO HE COMES LATER.
MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE ON THE BETHLEHEM ROAD....
KEEP THAT STAR WELL UP LOVE OR THEY'LL NEVER FIND US!
SOMEWHERE ELSE....
O.K.! SO YOU PICK A STAR!
STOCKPORT
IT SHOULD BE A CLASSY BIRTH, THE CONCEPTION WAS PRETTY IMMACULATE.
BUT....
SURE! BUT NO KINGS OR SHEPHERDS IN THE ROOMS AFTER TEN.
INN
INN
SORRY, WE'RE FULL, THERE'S A MESSIAH'S CONVENTION ON.
SO....


SO A STABLE WAS GOTETH.
CHEER UP LOVE. IT'LL LOOK BETTER WHEN WE'VE A FEW KINGS AND SHEPHERDS DOTTED ABOUT.
JUST A MINUTE! IS THIS WHAT THEY MEANT BY FIXTURES AND FITTINGS?
MUST BE GETTING CLOSE.
SOUVENIR PROGRAMMES
MESSIAH BURGERS
JC
HANG ABOUT! THAT'S THE MYRRH I GAVE YOU LAST CHRISTMAS!
GIFTS FROM THE EAST? YOU MEAN ALL THIS STUFF IS FROM HONG KONG?!
I CAN'T HELP IT! I ALWAYS CRY AT NATIVITIES!
CONGRATULATIONS IT'S A GIRL!!
IS IT YOU HUMMING "A STAR IS BORN"?
DR
CAZ

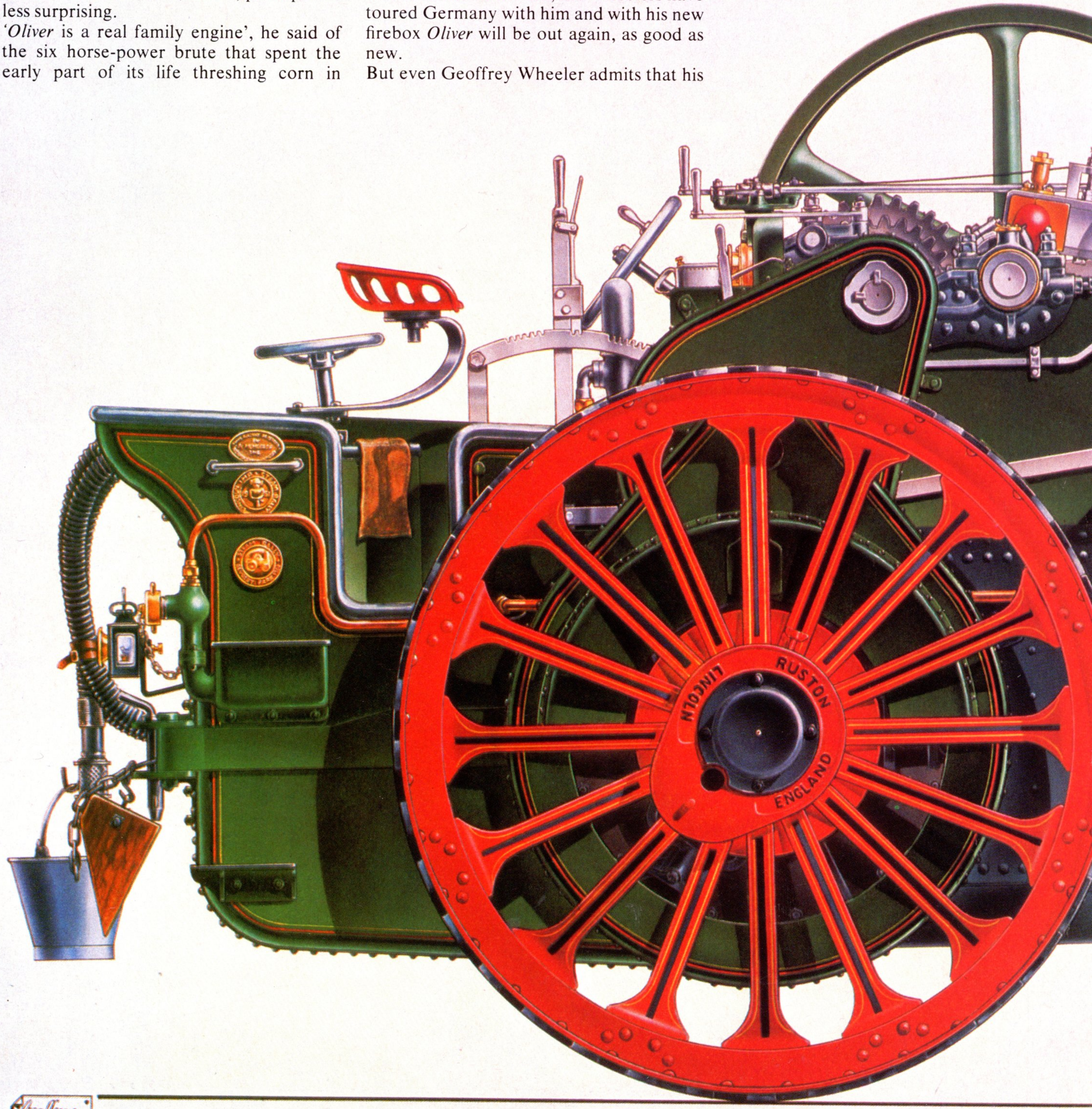
WHEELER'S STAR TRACTIONS

'Traction engines are my first love,' says Geoffrey Wheeler. And that coming from a man who has been keeping all forms of steam transport alive with his intricate drawings is quite a statement. But when you realise that he is the owner as well as the illustrator of *Oliver*, below, perhaps it is less surprising.

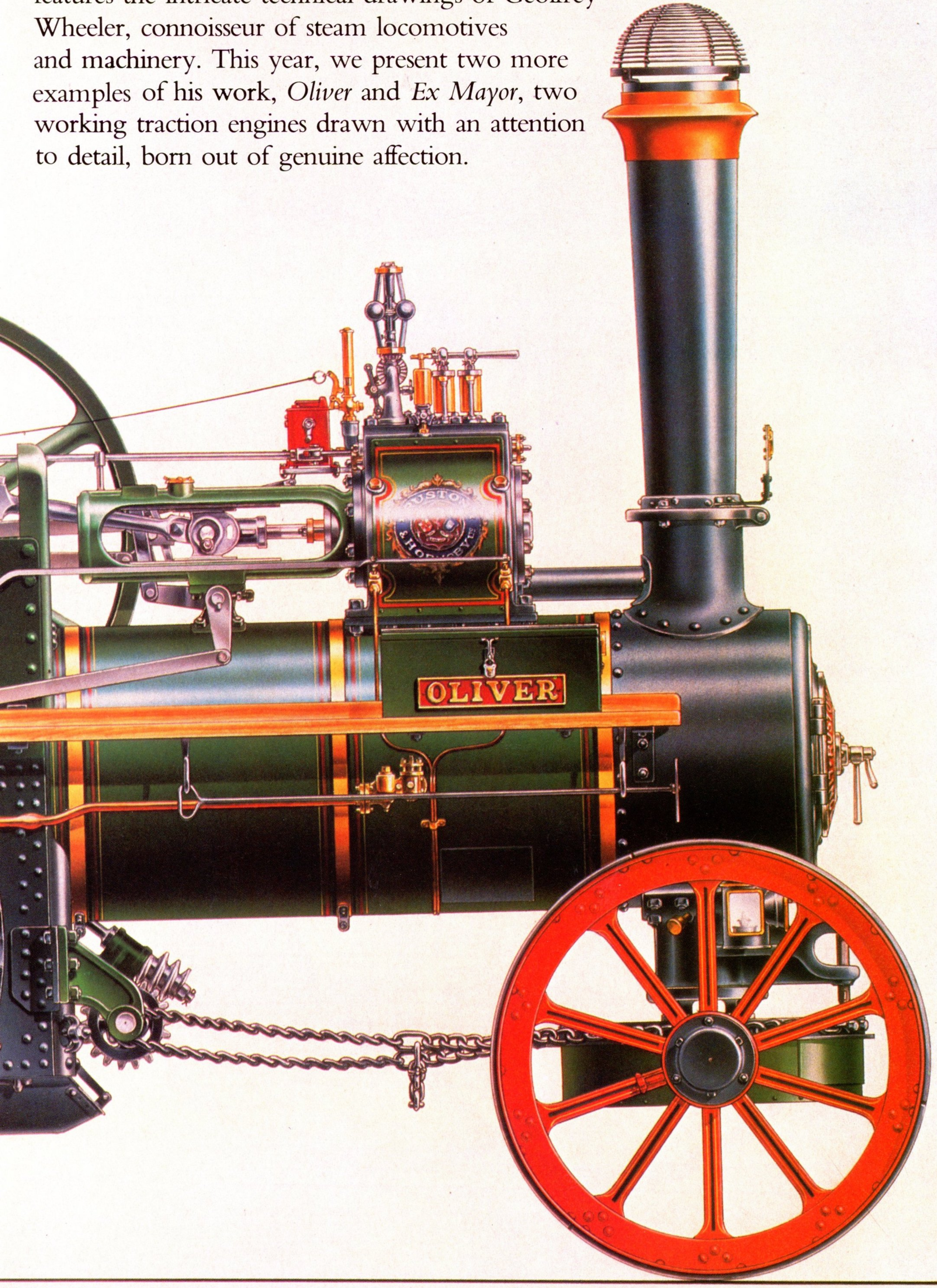
'Oliver is a real family engine', he said of the six horse-power brute that spent the early part of its life threshing corn in Cambridgeshire. 'My wife has grown to love it and my son drives as I steer. So I get to choose the pubs we go to.'

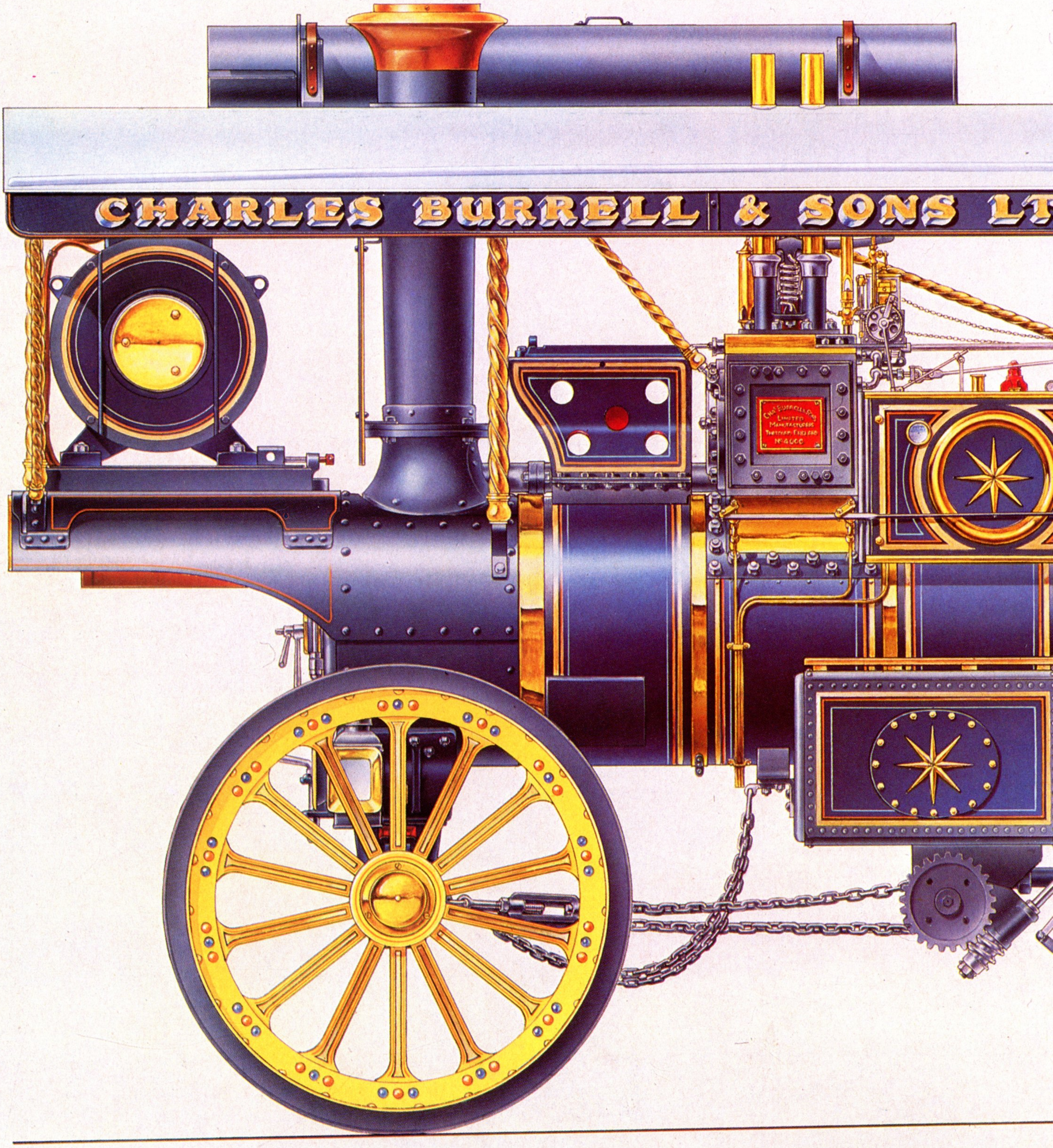
Make no mistake, *Oliver* may be over sixty, weigh 11 tons and have difficulty reaching 4 mph, but he is definitely roadworthy. As well as rallies in Britain, the Wheelers have toured Germany with him and with his new firebox *Oliver* will be out again, as good as new.

But even Geoffrey Wheeler admits that his



By tradition, every Christmas, *Mayfair* features the intricate technical drawings of Geoffrey Wheeler, connoisseur of steam locomotives and machinery. This year, we present two more examples of his work, *Oliver* and *Ex Mayor*, two working traction engines drawn with an attention to detail, born out of genuine affection.

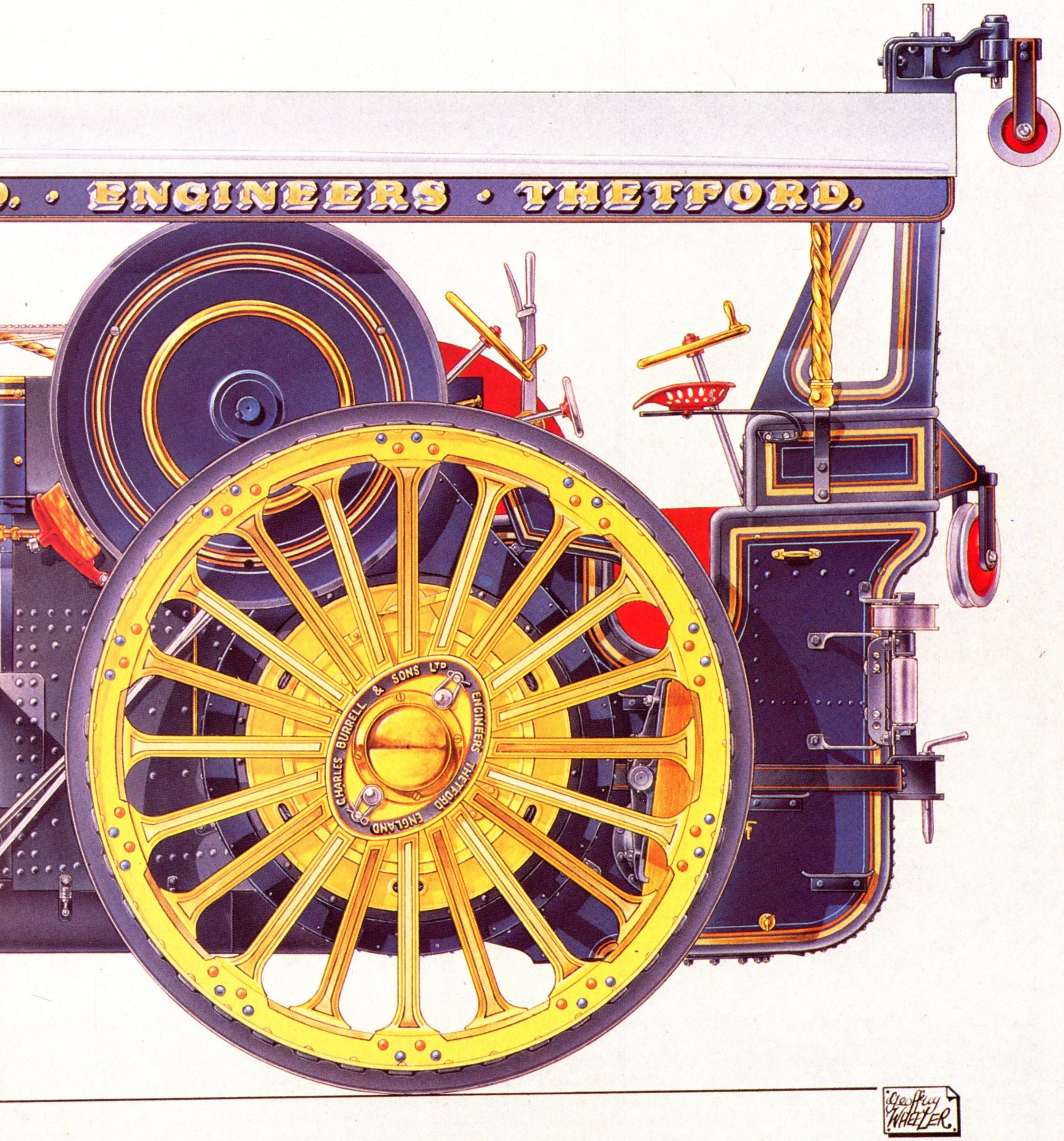



CHARLES BURRELL & SONS

initial desire was to own a fairground engine like the one he was commissioned to draw below. *Ex Mayor* was built in 1925 and worked in fairs up and down the country as a generator, powering rides. Its curious name derives from its owner, George Tuby of Doncaster, who named all his engines after civic positions he had held. At ten horse-power, it is the largest engine to come out of the works of Burrell and Sons of Beckford, the traction engine builders.

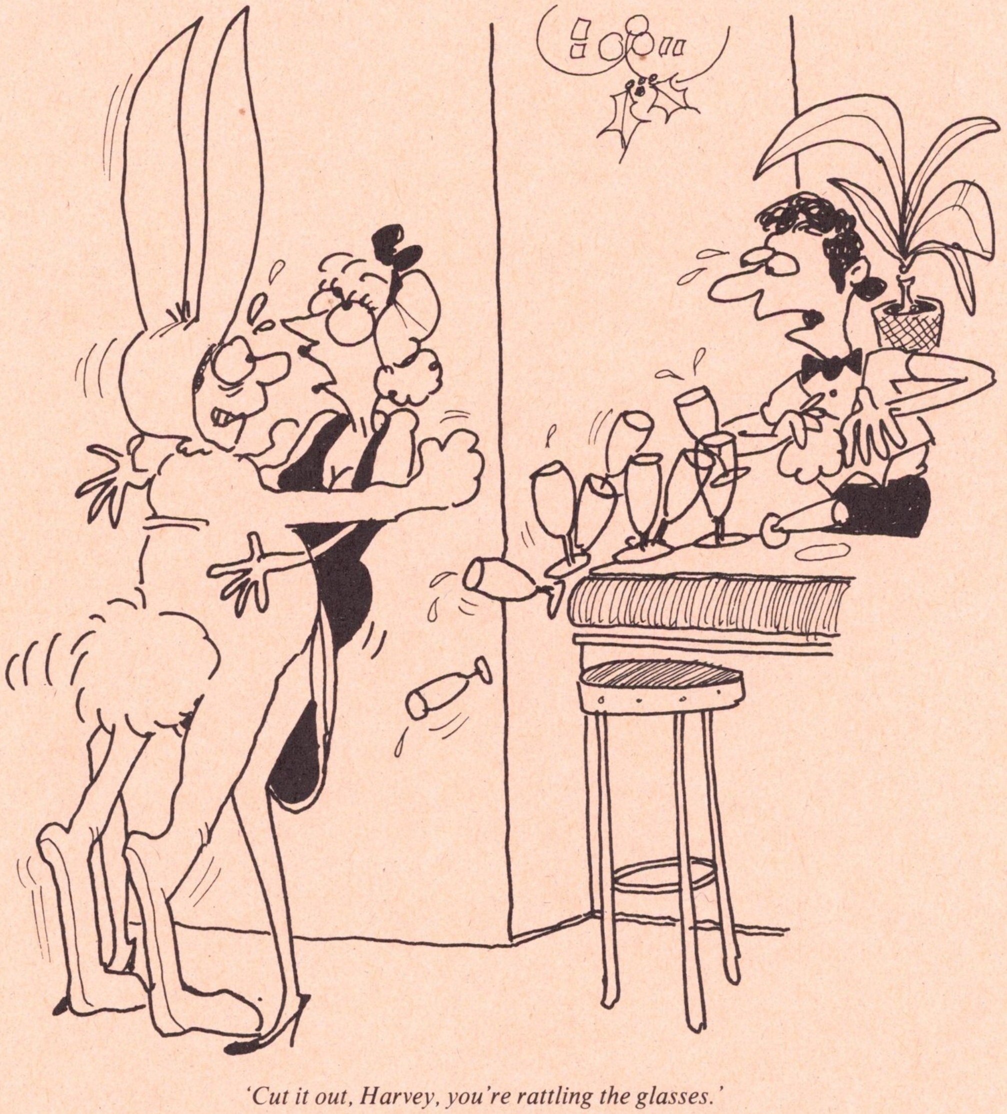
Engines such as these were very common at fairgrounds prior to the war. Sadly though, they began to disappear when the market was flooded by cheap ex-WD lorries which were snapped up by fairground ride owners. Now, like all such engines, they are collectors' items. A restored one will cost you up to £65,000. But thanks to people like Geoffrey Wheeler, we can all enjoy the glorious days of steam through his art and enthusiasm.

Prints of these pictures, 25 inches × 17 inches, are available at £3.50 each plus 50p postage in Europe (£1 overseas) from Geoffrey Wheeler, *Excelsior, 84, Hazlemere Road, Penn, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, HP10 8AG.*



COCKTAILS FOR TWO

Following the resurgence of interest in cocktails in Britain, our bawdy cartoonist, Peter Maddocks, stirs up a few sexy laughs when he proves that he can mix it with the best



'Cut it out, Harvey, you're rattling the glasses.'

HARVEY WALLBANGER

$1\frac{1}{2}$ FL OZ VODKA; 4 FL OZ ORANGE JUICE; 3 TEASPOONS OF GALLIANO.

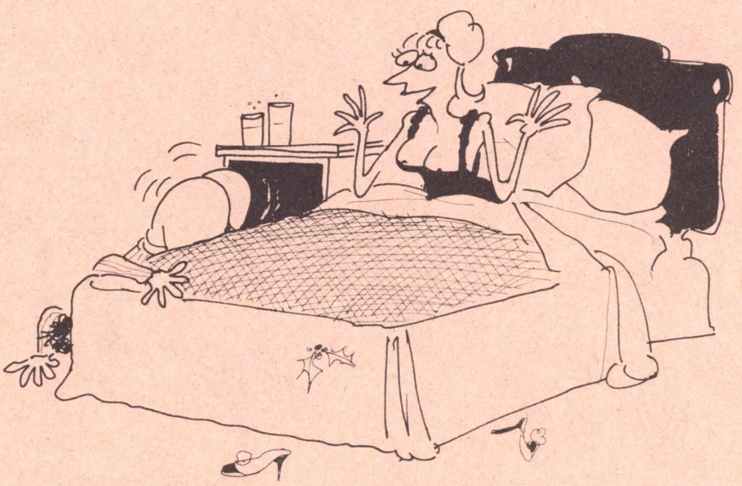
Fill a highball (or straight beer glass) with ice. Pour in the vodka and then the orange juice. Don't stir. Pour the Galliano on top and serve with straws.

'. . . You're quite sure this is a pisco sour?'

PISCO SOUR

1½ FL OZ OF PISCO (PERUVIAN BRANDY MADE FROM MUSCAT WINE); 2½ FL OZ FRESH LIME (OR LEMON) JUICE; ¼ FL OZ OF GOM SYRUP (AVAILABLE FROM FORTNUMS, HARRODS, ETC., OR MAKE YOUR OWN SYRUP FROM ¾ CUP OF SUGAR AND ½ CUP OF WATER BROUGHT TO THE BOIL UNTIL THE SYRUP FORMS; 1 DASH OF EGG WHITE; 2 DASHES ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

Shake all ingredients apart from the egg white in a cocktail shaker and pour into a goblet containing crushed ice. Add the egg white to the top.

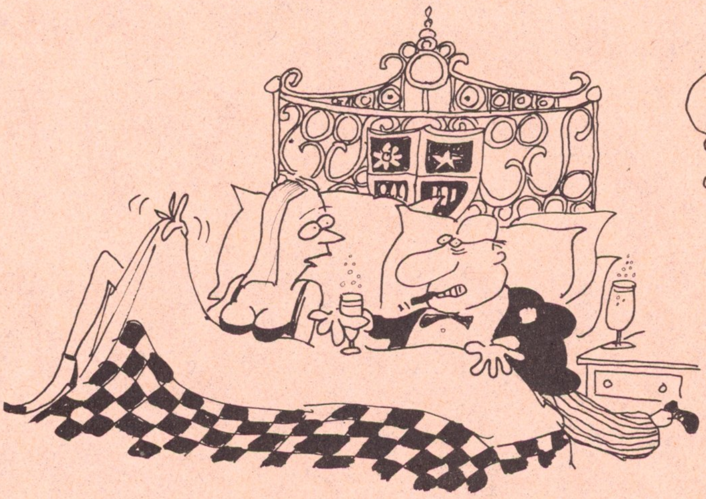


'José, darling, that's a very nice tequila sunrise.'

TEQUILA SUNRISE

1 FL OZ OF TEQUILA; 4 FL OZ OF FRESH ORANGE JUICE; 2 DASHES OF GRENADINE.

Pour the tequila, orange juice directly into a straight beer glass filled with ice and without premixing. Stir, and splash in grenadine. Decorate with orange slice and cherry. Serve with straws.



'I'll have the between the sheets, but I'm not so sure about a slow comfortable screw . . .'

BETWEEN THE SHEETS

EQUAL MEASURES OF BRANDY, WHITE RUM AND COINTREAU; DASH OF LEMON JUICE.

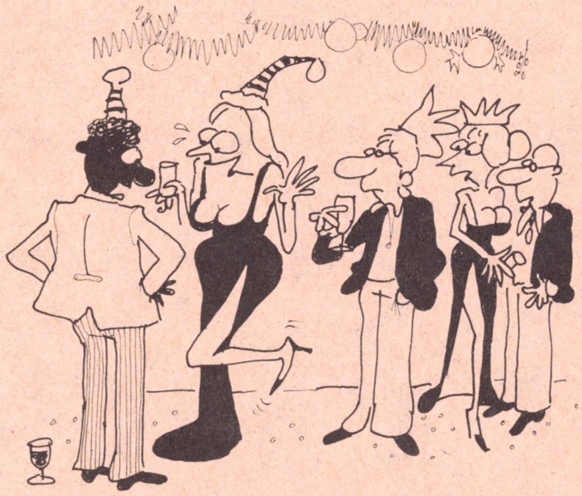
Shake the ingredients in a shaker and pour directly into a standard cocktail glass.

'Buck! That's enough fizz for one night.'

BUCKS FIZZ

ORANGE JUICE AND CHAMPAGNE.

One-third fill a champagne glass with fresh orange juice and top up with iced champagne.



'So that's a pina colada!'

PINA COLADA

1½ FL OZ WHITE RUM; 2 FL OZS PINEAPPLE JUICE; 1 FL OZ OF COCONUT CREAM (COCOCASA COCONUT CREAM IS AVAILABLE FROM SAFEWAYS, HARRODS AND MANY OFF-LICENCES); 2 SCOOPS OF CRUSHED ICE.

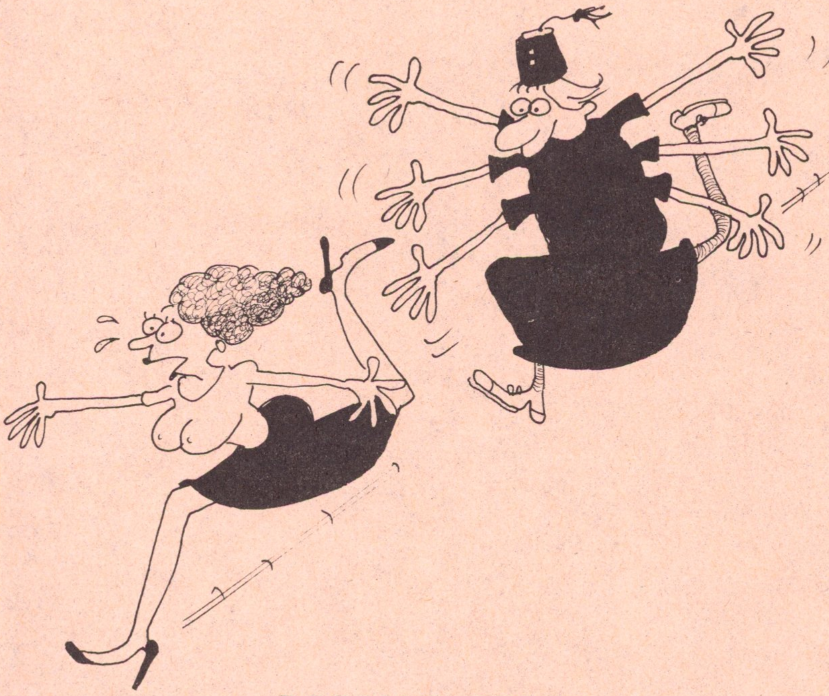
Blend the ingredients in an electric blender, pour unstrained into a large-bowled glass. Decorate with a pineapple and a cherry. Serve with straws.

'You drive, I'll screw . . .'

SCREWDRIVER

1 FL OZ VODKA; 4 FL OZ FRESH ORANGE JUICE.

Pour the vodka and orange juice directly into a large ice-filled glass.



BOSOM CARESSER

2 MEASURES BRANDY; 1 MEASURE ORANGE CURACAO; 1 EGG YOLK; 2 TSP GRENADINE.

Shake all the ingredients in a shaker and pour straight into a large cocktail glass.

'Who's on the black Russian?'

BLACK RUSSIAN

2 MEASURES OF VODKA; 1 MEASURE KAHLUA.

Pour the vodka then the Kahlua directly into an old-fashioned (tumbler) glass without premixing.

The Mayfair Book Society

20th CENTURY MASTERS OF EROTIC ART

A truly magnificent full-colour coffee table edition, *Masters of Erotic Art*, contains 163 newly photographed works, many of which are seen here publicly for the first time. See Igor Mead's erotically detailed close-ups of the female vagina, Picasso's highly arousing study of cunnilingus, Dos Figuras y un Gato. This is the book with pictures that we dare not print. You'll be astounded by the erotic imagination of these artists.
Price £15.15

DEAR DOC

Through a bulk purchase we can offer Dr David Delvin's *Dear Doc* at the incredible bargain price of £2.—— lower than the actual cover price. *Dear Doc* is a hardback book and contains the detailed and explicit answers to the 150 or so questions that Dr Delvin is most asked about sex. These answers – enhanced by the frankest of illustrations – deal with problems that can beset both men and women and are treated in the most reassuring manner. Dr Delvin explains how to overcome inexperience, impotence, offers advice on penile length, fetishism and even anal sex. *Dear Doc* will help you overcome the many sexual difficulties we face today.
Price £2.

To Mayfair Book Society, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Please send me the books I have ticked.

Masters of Erotic Art £15.15	☐	Sexual Techniques £5.75	☐
Exotic Love Games £5.75	☐	Complete Book of Sexual Love £12.60	☐
Dear Doc £2. 00	☐	The Pillow Book £6.50	☐

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Cheque/PO for £..................enclosed. Date..........................

Orders clearly printed with name and address on plain paper are acceptable. Prices include postage and packing and books are sent under plain cover.

M1612

EXOTIC LOVE GAMES

Exotic Love Games, we believe, will become one of our best-sellers of all time. This limpback edition contains more than 100 full-colour photographs of a couple who obviously enjoy their intimate union, and will prove a positive boon to anyone wishing to learn more about the intimacies of sexual contact. Each explicit photo is accompanied by text which helps the connoisseur understand the intricacies of balance and movement necessary to get full enjoyment from sex. In many ways *Exotic Love Games* is a complementary edition to our other favourite manual, *Sexual Techniques*, though of a more explicit and erotic nature. You will marvel at some positions, disbelieve others, but chances are you'll wish to try them all. *Love Games*, we believe, will open up new sexual horizons among partners and those who appreciate the act of love.
Price £5.75

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

Unquestionably our most popular book. In 42 full-page photos a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate separate love-making positions. The pictures reveal how the girl manipulates her own and her partner's erotogenic zones simultaneously with intercourse to induce heightened pleasure. They show how thrusting movements of legs, thighs and body can increase satisfaction.
Price £5.75

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE

Packed with over 500 illustrations, some of a most explicit nature, this new title – the latest edition to the *Mayfair* Book Society – is a virtual encyclopaedia on all aspects of sexual love. Easy to read chapters deal with positions for intercourse, fetishism, sex aids, birth control and homosexuality. Authors Susan and Stuart Holroyd smash through many of the sexual myths associated with our society thus helping readers reach a new sexual awareness.
Price £12.60

THE PILLOW BOOK

Here at last is the British edition of a masterpiece of Far Eastern erotica containing more than 300 highly original and highly arousing 'naughty pictures'. This book is sure to add a new and stirring dimension to all of your sexual activities regardless of whether you share its contents with your partner or choose to linger over its pleasures at your own leisure as you savour the sensual visual delights gathered from all over the world which are at best oft-banned and more often closeted in private collections.
Price £6.50

FILMS

continued from previous page

breasts and lips. Probably the cleanest dirty film on current release.

****♡♡ **An American Werewolf In London** (X), 1 hr 37 mins. Any film which plays *Blue Moon* while its hero thrashes about the carpet in the process of turning into a werewolf might reasonably be regarded as a spoof. In fact it shows the most convincing and horrifying human transformation since *Altered States*: fingers elongate and sprout claws, new muscles ripple along the spine, even the face distorts into a ferocious canine muzzle. Attacked by a werewolf on a remote northern moor, American college student David Kessler (David Naughton) learns that he too is now a werewolf – news delivered by a college friend who died in the attack and reappears at intervals as a member of the undead in increasingly advanced stages of decay. Werewolf victims, it seems, cannot die until the last werewolf expires. Our sceptical hero is understandably reluctant to comply. Jenny Agutter is his nurse girlfriend who offers comfort (via an extended bout of nude canoodling in the shower and in bed) but little help. A bizarre mix of wild humour, genuine horror and cinematic spectacle, it's one of the most entertaining offerings on the screen this year.

♡♡ **Lillie Marleen (AA), 2 hrs. Subtitles. The film of World War Two's most popular song, via a tangled romance involving a Jewish musician and his German mistress, a not terribly talented songstress who records the song for a Nazi boyfriend and finds herself the darling of the Reich. When the Nazis discover the singer's non-Aryan connection, they try – fruitlessly – to ban the song. Superbly photographed but overlong and over-melodramatic, it's worth a look for the songstress herself – Hanna Schygulla, a bright-eyed blonde with the looks and the charisma of a Teutonic Debbie Harry.

A Bristol Blenheim from 211 Squadron as painted by Michael Turner from Hamlyn's history of the Royal Air Force.

BOOKS

Our Xmas selection

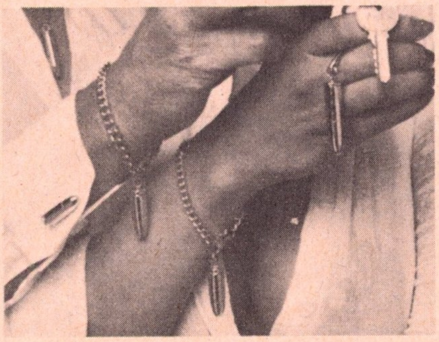
If you believe that jogging, diets and saunas are somehow sissy, then take a look at **Rude Health.** Superbly photographed by David Thorpe, it is the latest in his series that began with *Rude Food*, and continues the idea of illustrating a central theme by saucy pictures. This time, of course, the subject is the pursuit of health and exercise with all the relevant equipment tastefully adorned by Thorpe's beautiful girls. A fun book, ideal for mild eyebrow raising. *Rude Health* is published by Macmillan and costs £3.95.

Lovers of mysteries and murder stories will be well advised to track down **The Great Detectives** by Julian Symons, published by Orbis at £7.95. For here are seven of the most celebrated decipherers of whodunnit in one volume. Holmes, Maigret, Miss Marple and Hercule Poirot are there along with Marlowe, Nero Wolfe and Ellery Queen in a book that traces their life stories through 'interviews with or anecdotes from other fictional characters who knew them. Accuracy is the key word in these stories that provide a new insight into the minds and the way of life of these great deducers. To emphasise the point artist Tom Adams has been commissioned to paint the ageing of the detectives from their descriptions in the books. His superb work makes this a fascinating book. Well worth investigating.

It is an old joke that philately will get you nowhere, and, even worse, it isn't true. Stamp collecting, that traditional schoolboy hobby, can be lucrative on a large scale and where better to start than with the expert himself, Stanley Gibbons. This authoritative guide, entitled simply, **The Stanley Gibbons Book of Stamps,** priced £10.95 from Windward, is the definitive work for serious collectors or beginners. 600 full colour illustrations plus chapters ranging from forgeries to printing techniques.

Mayfair readers who have found our features on historic aircraft interesting will love this new book from Hamlyn. Entitled **Royal Air Force: The aircraft in service since 1918,** it is a fine collection of paintings and photographs depicting planes used by the RAF since the end of the first world war. Add to this, detailed descriptions by Chaz Bowyer and you have a definitive work on the subject. The paintings are particularly evocative of an era when the RAF ruled the skies but continue to the pre-

Surefire winners



The sales success of our bullet jewellery proves we were right on target with this superlative merchandise. For only £11.95 you can buy a set of 22 carat gold-plated cufflinks with a 9 mm bullet, while for £9.40 we offer a gold-plated bracelet with a 9 mm bullet in men's and ladies' sizes. And for just £8.50 our other item of jewellery is the popular gold-plated bullet pendant on a necklace. A toughened silver-type keyring with a .38 bullet at £5.25 completes the range. All bullets are genuine, less firing caps, and each item comes in a sateen-lined presentation box. Prices include VAT, postage and packing. Please allow 21 days for delivery of goods.

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JIGSAW GIRL

When Lynda appeared in *Mayfair* wearing her wet, white smock she was an instant hit with readers. So now we've turned the wet-look Lynda into a puzzle of a jigsaw

Lynda – one of the most popular girls to appear in *Mayfair* – is now immortalised on a wooden jigsaw puzzle. It measures 11½ in by 8½ in, and costs only £3.15, including postage and plain packing. This superb picture of Lynda wearing nothing but a dripping wet, white smock is mounted on a wooden backing and then hand cut into a jigsaw puzzle. This is then contained on a stiff hardboard backing for despatch. So treat yourself to a pretty puzzler by completing the coupon today, or treat a friend because Lynda makes a perfect present.

To: Mayfair Jigsaw Offer, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me (   ) jigsaws of Lynda at £3.15 each. I enclose a cheque/postal order for...

Name ....
(please print)
Address ....

.... M1612

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

♡♡♡ **Emmanuelle In Soho (X), 1 hr 7 mins. When lithe blonde Emmanuelle (Mary Miller) isn't draping herself topless over her reluctant landlord, budding photographer Paul Benson (Keith Fraser), she's posing nudely for his camera in black stockings and suspender belt with shapely legs akimbo. Meanwhile Mrs Benson (Julie Lee – a lissome Liverpudlian with features of an oriental cast) is auditioning for a new Soho strip show with ten more amply proportioned performers. She gains the part, and also the attention of the show's admiring floor manager. The main tale, however, concerns her husband's attempts to break into the glamour photography field, outwitting a rascally and randy agent (John East – also the film's producer and co-writer) en route. There's a lesbian romp, a climactic orgy, ample strip tease and even shafts of wit unusual in such softcore fare ('I want to look like Bette Midler,' declares Miss Miller. 'Try insulting your hairdresser,' suggests Mr East) but the erotic honours go to Miss Miller.

***♡♡ **Outland** (AA), 1 hr 49 mins. Futuristic skulduggery on Io, third moon of Jupiter, where a titanium mine is breaking all production records, and the miners are unaccountably taking strolls on the airless surface without benefit of spacesuits. The reason is a rare amphetamine – supplied by a company-run drugs racket – which boosts work capacity massively and sends the taker insane after a year's dose. Newly arrived marshal Sean Connery uncovers the racket and finds himself facing two company gunmen, due in on the next shuttle. The plot may echo *High Noon*, but the film has the authentic look of *Alien* – and even sex: in the shape of recreational hookers ('Some are even good-looking,' comments the villainous mine manager) and 3-D videos of naked, ceaselessly copulating couples in a dimly lit bar. Tense, well-paced and suspenseful, only one point jars: who but a loony would fight a battle on a world where the tiniest puncture in wall, ceiling or spacesuit spells disaster – with pump action shotguns?

***♡♡ **Amin, The Rise And Fall** (X), 1 hr 42 mins. He kept the heads of former enemies in his fridge, ate the flesh of a murdered judge, shot Uganda's archbishop to death during an argument and ordered 'First class treatment' (ie, torture and death) for an estimated 500,000 of his compatriots. Yet he boasted of being the world's greatest lover, was busy tumbling two ladies in his bed during the Israeli raid on Entebbe (the sounds of gunfire drove him into the nearest wardrobe) and personally entertained the entire Russian embassy staff with an accordian while persuading the ambassador not to leave Uganda. Fast-paced and enthralling this Kenyan-made film details the brutal buffoon's rule with economy, humour and often gory realism.

♡ **American Pop (AA), 1 hr 36 mins. Cartoonist Ralph (*Fritz the Cat, Lord of the Rings*) Bakshi traces the story of American pop music through four generations of a Russian immigrant family; three of them show musical talent but only the last achieves stardom – as a punk superstar. As in *Lord of the Rings*, there's a bewildering array of drawing styles, which may irritate as much as it stimulates interest. There's nostalgic delight in the potted musical history, from Scott Joplin and Gershwin to Dylan, the Doors, Hendrix and Johnny Rotten.

♡♡♡ **Massage Girls In Bangkok (X), 1 hr 11 mins. Dubbed. Oriental lovelies, identified by number, pose for customers behind the plate glass window of a massage parlour. Hired in ones or twos, they retreat to a cubicle with the client, strip and swiftly work up a lather – both actual and sexual – by daubing the lucky man with foam and massaging him with hands, thighs,

continued overleaf

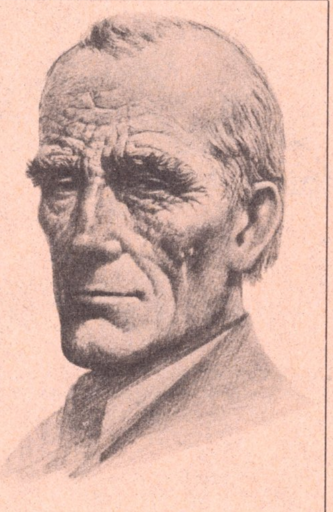
sent day. A remarkable book for lovers of warplanes and RAF devotees. It costs £8.95.

Simply stunning. There is no other way to describe Jeff Dumas' **Captured Women** (published by Patrick Stephens. Price £12.95). It has 109 amazing photographs of stupendous nudity, with astonishing backgrounds. Artistic, sensual and a delight to the eye. A beautiful book.

Where can you find Clement Freud, Keith Waterhouse, Roy Hattersley, Barry Humphries, Mike Brearley and Joan Bakewell in one book? The answer is **Pick of Punch,** edited by Alan Coren a fascinating selection of the best articles and cartoons from the well-loved magazine. Whether it is Michael Parkinson talking about the problems of success or Haldane's cartoons on Eskimo love, there's bound to be something to make the most sour-faced Scrooge smile. The *Pick of Punch* is published by Hutchinson, priced £7.50.

Superb Parisien beauty as photographed by Jeff Dunas from his book Captured Women.

This Christmas there will no doubt be a fair selection of youngsters who give up the comparative safety of pedestrianism for the thrill of two-wheeled travel. Whether you are one of these or thinking about ditching your thirsty car for the economical alternative of a motorcycle, then **The Motorcyclist's Handbook** is for you. Written by David Minton it provides advice and information on basic mechanics, the right clothing, learning how to control the machine and other essential information to keep your bike, and yourself in top condition. But it is far from being a boring book to keep in the garage. As well as the technical information there are plenty of photos and lots of information on trials riding, rallying and the fun side to motorcycling. Published by Pan Books at £5.95, it is a good, unstuffy guide.

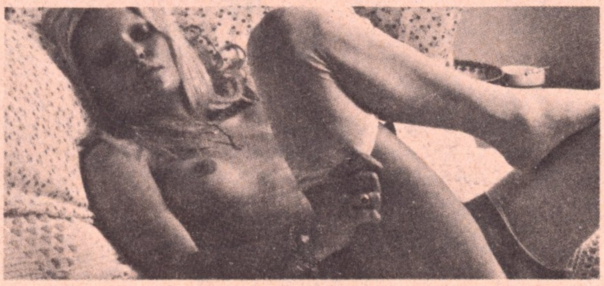


An elderly Sherlock Holmes one of the Great Detectives *as painted by Tom Adams.*

Another definitive guide is Brian Laban's **Winners.** Published by Orbis for £7.95 it contains an alphabetical list of motor racing Grand Prix victors from Fangio to Laffite. You can become an expert overnight or simply use it as a helpful guide to TV commentaries. An ideal present for motor racing fans of any age.

For anyone with a craftsman instinct what better than the **Which book of Do-It-Yourself** (Consumers' Association £11.95). As one would expect from the Consumers' Association their research is just a bit better than most. A lot of do-it-yourself manuals don't go into each subject deeply enough. This book does, everything from chimney pots to drains. It has a particularly good chapter on plastering – a craft which sorts the men from the boys. A book to save you money in the long run.

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL



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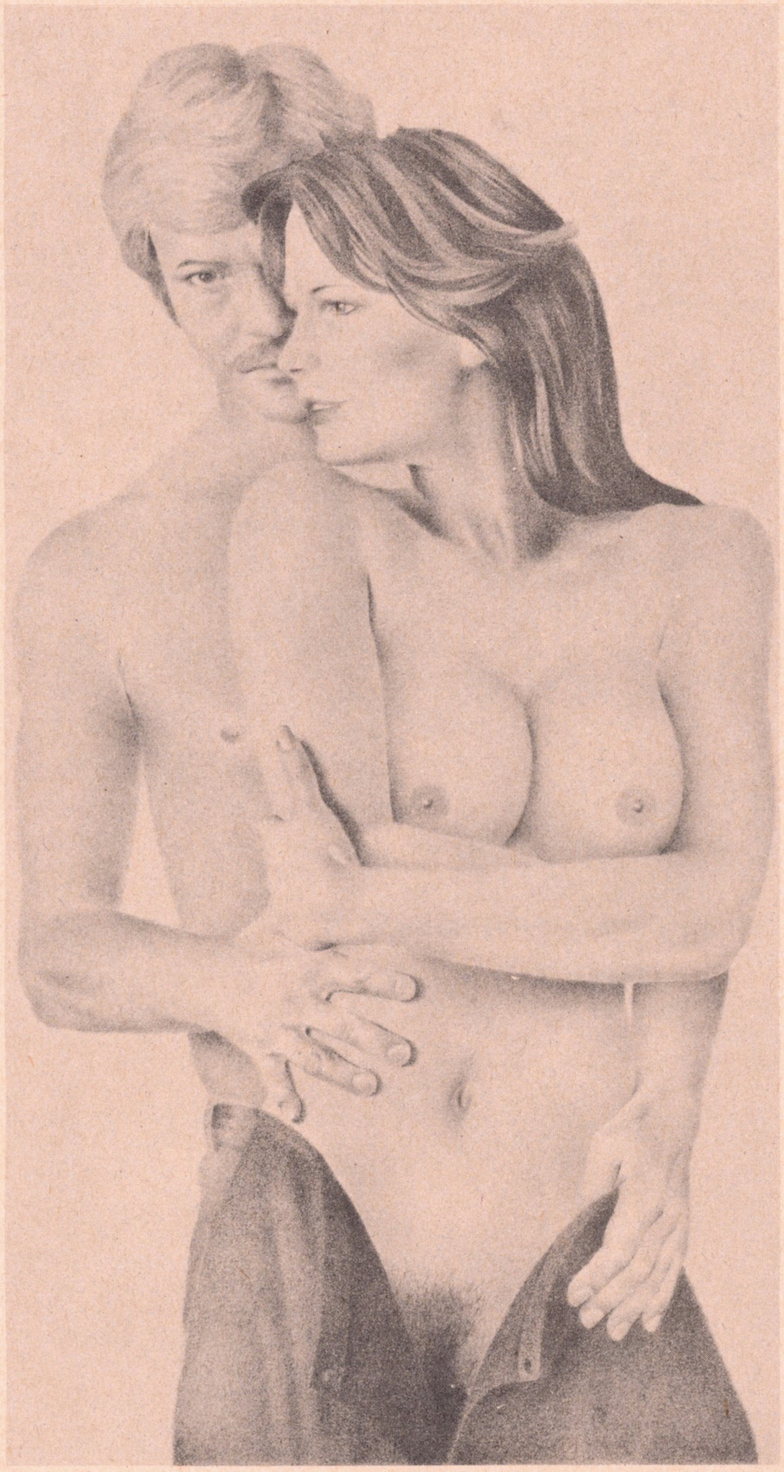

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Thirteen

Some women can go for years without needing a physical relationship with a man, until one comes along who triggers off a certain sexual response which changes their attitude. Quest examines three cases.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

HOUSEWIFE, 38 years old, brunette, town of origin, Rainham

This interviewee, a divorced woman, has been left to raise her two sons. Her husband deserted her some five years ago. She now lives in their former home in rural Essex.

Quest: When was the last time you made love?
Housewife: You don't waste any time do you? Straight in there! The answer to that question is quite some time ago.
Quest: Weeks? Months? What?
Housewife: A month or so ago I suppose.
Quest: And before that?
Housewife: Ages before Tony. But there again I don't need it like some women.
Quest: So just how long had it been?
Housewife: Is it important? I don't think it matters.
Quest: Are you embarrassed about it? But you did agree to talk to me openly.
Housewife: Embarrassed? Me? Of course not. I'm not ashamed. I couldn't help it. It wasn't up to me...
Quest: Because of the family?
Housewife: They take so much looking after, I rarely get the opportunity to go out. And men – they only want one thing anyway.
Quest: And that's not what you want?
Housewife: No, I've said so.
Quest: Do you get frustrated?
Housewife: I have done, but there are other ways to work it off than hopping into bed with some man who doesn't care about you.
Quest: You seem bitter.
Housewife: A little perhaps, I feel I've been dumped upon enough.
Quest: How do you relieve your frustrations?
Housewife: How do you think? I bought a vibrator a few years ago. It was Carol's idea – she's my best friend really.
Quest: You talk about sex with her regularly do you?
Housewife: Yes. Carol and I don't have any secrets. In fact she was the one who introduced me to Tony.
Quest: He was your last lover?
Housewife: Put it this way, we made love.
Quest: What about the vibrator?
Housewife: Carol knew what I was going through there after David cleared off leaving me with the kids. She got one of her husband's magazines and gave me the coupon for this thing. It arrived a few weeks

later and I went straight upstairs to use it. I drew the bedroom curtains and stood in front of the mirror. I unbuttoned my blouse and skirt and let them fall. I watched myself in the mirror, gently rubbing my hands over myself, holding and squeezing my breasts. I took off my bra and panties and lay on the bed and let my fingers roam over my bush, gently parting my lips. I hardly ever masturbated before that but with this new toy – my clockwork cock as Carol used to call it – it took on a new importance.
Quest: Did you bring yourself to orgasm?
Housewife: I should say so. It was really weird. I began rubbing my clitty, working myself up, and when I thought I was ready I put the thing to me there, and turned it on. I could have died. It was the weirdest feeling I've ever had; I couldn't stop laughing as I eased it in gradually. I couldn't stand it. I turned it off and eased it in unpowered. It was lovely to feel something hard and big between my legs again, even though it was cold and somehow mechanical.
Quest: Have you used the thing since?
Housewife: That's the strange thing. I've used it a few times when I've been particularly randy, but now I don't need it so much as I've become quite versatile with my fingers.
Quest: Were you sexually experienced before you married?
Housewife: No, not really. When I was a teenager I fell madly in love with this boy I met at a party. He used to make me laugh and he was fun to be with. Eventually we went to bed together – I gave him my virginity – and we became engaged.
Quest: Did you have intercourse with him often during this time?
Housewife: Yes I did. Whenever my parents were out he'd come round and we'd make love on the living room floor, in the kitchen, even once in mum and dad's bed. I'd decided it was all right as we were to be married.
Quest: But it never got that far?
Housewife: We'd set the date and then one day I got a call from him asking us to meet in town. I didn't think anything odd about it, then when I got there he told me straight that he couldn't go through with it. That he wasn't ready for marriage. Neither of us were. We were only kids, but it hurt then – it really did. I cried and cried for weeks afterwards, and then I heard through friends that he'd got another girl in trouble and that he was marrying her.
Quest: And after your breakup?
Housewife: I had a couple of boyfriends, but all they were interested in was themselves, they didn't really seem all that concerned for me.
Quest: Did you go to bed with any?
Housewife: Right after I'd been given the elbow I went with another boy. I never saw him again after I'd let him.
Quest: So you've developed a pretty low opinion of men? And what of David?
Housewife: With David – it's easy to say now – I don't think I ever really loved him. I think it was perhaps a little bit of worry, about being left on the shelf, but we had a happy marriage while it lasted. But when the kiddies came quite quickly afterwards I don't think he could cope. He started spending much more time at the pub, coming home drunk, staying out to all hours that eventually we didn't have much in common. And he found someone else, someone younger.
Quest: Had you had sex regularly when you were married?
Housewife: This need for sex is a myth. People can get on very well without it. But yes, I never felt frustrated when I was married. I never had to find happiness elsewhere, if you know what I mean.
Quest: Tell me about your girlfriend.
Housewife: We've known each other since grammar school and we've grown closer since.
Quest: You talk about your sexual problems with her?
Housewife: We talk a lot about sex. Sometimes that makes it worse.
Quest: Why?
Housewife: Perhaps I'm kidding myself about it; perhaps I really do need it. But sometimes the talk made it worse. When Carol went, I'd have no one to relieve me, only a bucketful of smelly nappies to look forward to.
Quest: But Carol realised your frustration when she suggested the vibrator?
Housewife: Yes. And she was the one who introduced me to Tony. I'm sure it was all arranged.
Quest: How so?
Housewife: Coincidence. It started right after Carol and I had had a bit to drink. I'd put the kids to bed and Carol had come round for a chat as usual. We got through a couple of bottles of wine and I began telling her about . . . the emptiness I felt.
Quest: You mean sexually?
Housewife: Yes.
Quest: You don't seem to be able to make up your own mind as to whether you need it or not.
Housewife: Perhaps that's one of the problems I can't cope with.
Quest: How did Carol arrange for you to meet Tony?
Housewife: We were talking and she said to me, that she didn't know how I managed the way I did. She said she couldn't go without sex for any length of time. Don't you long to be filled by a man again? she would say. To feel his touch, his hardness and warmth pounding into me. It was agony and I began to cry. I was blubbering like a baby, remembering the good times – even though they weren't that good. I suppose that I needed someone to confide in.
Quest: So how did she resolve your frustration?
Housewife: She invited me to a party at her house – it was the first party she'd had in years – to celebrate her husband's fortieth birthday. She promised me I'd be pleased if I attended, so I arranged a babysitter for the evening when it came. It was quite a small do, about twenty guests, mostly couples I thought.
Quest: But?
Housewife: But for Tony, as you know. Carol introduced me round and I started enjoying myself. Tony was very handsome, quite young, too, and tall. I'm quite wee really out of my high-heels. He was dark with curly hair and a moustache. Evidently he worked with Carol's husband.
Quest: You were taken with him?
Housewife: Yes, just in so far as it was obvious he was a good-looking man. Most women would be at least interested. But it never occurred to me that there was any possibility of anything – I presumed he was with someone.
Quest: Wrongly.
Housewife: Yes. I was in the kitchen filling my glass when Carol came in. He is divine, she said, isn't he? Tony? I said. I wish I could get some of him, Carol giggled, he's not married you know. Doing your matchmaking, I said. With that she giggled and went back to the living room.
Quest: When did you meet Tony properly?
Housewife: A few minutes later, when I went back to the party. He came up to me and started talking. I was a bit taken aback, really, because I knew Carol would be giggling to herself, and I was feeling very flustered.
Quest: Because of the prospect of sex?
Housewife: Not in the slightest. But as the evening drew on and couples left, I found I was still with Tony. He offered to run me home and I accepted.
Quest: You weren't worried?
Housewife: Why should I be?
Quest: What happened?
Housewife: We pulled up in front of my house and sat talking for a few minutes, then Tony leant across and kissed me. I didn't respond to him at all at first, but he tried again, putting his arm round me. I felt a shiver down my spine. I allowed his tongue into my mouth and he drew me towards him. I wanted him to go further and I remember thinking this is it when his hand moved to my thigh and he started moving it up towards my bush. Then something snapped. I pulled away, said I couldn't and that I was sorry. We sat there chatting for a while and he was very sweet, said he understood. I said I'd call him.
Quest: When did you?
Housewife: It was awful. I wanted him so much – not him particularly perhaps – but I was acting like a virginal teenager after her first date. In bed I wished I'd had the courage to say yes. I phoned him the next day, Sunday, and we arranged to meet on the Wednesday – he took time off work – when the kids were at playschool.
Quest: And that's where you had sex?
Housewife: Yes. He arrived at about ten and I made us a coffee. We sat on the sofa and I apologised again for the other night. No need, he said, he shouldn't have been so forward. There was then this long silence – I didn't know what to say or do, but then he took my hand. He moved towards me and kissed me, only this time I responded, letting his tongue into my mouth. Not here, I said. Upstairs. We went to the bedroom and closed the door. He put his arms round me, enveloping me and pressing his body into mine. He pulled away and his fingers moved to my blouse and he started undoing the buttons. He stripped me of my blouse and skirt and put my hands behind my back and undid my bra. My nipples were aching and swelling already. He took each nipple and

gently rolled it between his thumb and forefinger, making my whole body ache. My feelings were so intense, I knew I'd orgasm the moment he touched my slit. He moved his mouth to my nipples and began to nibble them. I wanted him inside me so I pulled away and took off my panties and lay on the bed. He undressed and came to me, his proud penis erect and swaying as he walked. I opened my legs for him and reached down to guide him in. It was lovely touching a man again. As he entered me it was a beautiful searing pain which started in my slit and spread all through my body. An inner warmth. I was moaning, thrashing my head as he started to pump into me. I must have only lasted a few strokes until I came, almost gagging and drawing him to me as tight as I could hold him.
Quest: Did you have further sex?
Housewife: That morning we made love again and this time he orgasmed also. It was the first of many times we made love.
Quest: And you still see him?
Housewife: Yes, occasionally. We seem suited. Perhaps he's not the greatest of lovers, but he didn't need to be.
Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

ACCOUNTANT, 28 years old, town of origin Southampton

This interviewee is single and lives in his own flat in South London. He works in the accounts department of a firm in the City.

Quest: Do you consider yourself a ladies man?
Accountant: I'm not quite sure what you mean by that. Do you mean am I good at chatting up birds?
Quest: Yes.
Accountant: Average, I suppose. Sometimes I have a run of luck and other times it's a lonely couple of weeks drinking with my pals. I don't like long-term relationships, but I certainly wouldn't put myself into the bird a night league.
Quest: But you must be quite persuasive, judging from what you told us about Anne.
Accountant: You mean being the first guy to sleep with her in six years? I don't like the way that sounds, and I don't think it's really fair. That makes me look like some great seducer, while I think it was more a result of circumstances. I just recognised my chance, that's all. Anyway, you can't go on like that – not having sex for years on end, specially if you are an attractive girl.
Quest: Did it surprise you that she hadn't had sex for so long?
Accountant: Yes. It did. But when she explained why I understood her reasons. Though I didn't agree with them.
Quest: And what were they?
Accountant: It sounds a bit hollow to just sum up, but basically she was engaged to a guy she was very much in love with and he was killed in a car crash. She was so heartbroken that she sort of closed up emotionally and lost interest in men. It doesn't sound right to sum it up like that, you'd have to know her to understand. She's very sensitive and quiet.
Quest: Did you know all this when you first met her?
Accountant: Oh no. I met her at a dinner party given by some mutual friends. I didn't know anything about her except that she was in her mid-twenties, single and worked somewhere in the Midlands. At the dinner party I found out she had quite a responsible job in the personnel department of a manufacturing company and was on some sort of course.
Quest: Did you ask her out?
Accountant: Yes. She didn't know anyone except those mutual friends I'd mentioned, and I was unattached, so . . . I offered to show her around town the next day.
Quest: Did you have sex that next night?
Accountant: You certainly get to the point, don't you. No, we didn't. Well, not really. That's when the problems started.
Quest: Problems?
Accountant: Yes. About her dead fiancé and not having had sex for six years.
Quest: Please explain what happened?
Accountant: OK. Well, I showed her round all the usual tourist attractions, Covent Garden, St Katharine's Dock and all that. We got on very well because although she was fairly quiet she was good comapny and seemed very intelligent to me. In the evening I took her to one of those trendy wine bars in Covent Garden for a bite to eat and a few glasses of wine.
Quest: Did you hope to end up in bed?
Accountant: Well, seeing as you won't use my name I can admit it was in the back of my mind. I didn't plan to get her drunk, but I hoped the wine would loosen her up a bit, like it does with some girls.
Quest: Where did you go after the wine bar?
Accountant: We were both a little merry and when I suggested coffee and a nightcap at my flat she agreed.
Quest: What happened at your flat?
Accountant: Not a lot. I made the coffee, got a couple of stiff brandies and sat next to her on the sofa. I was feeling quite turned on by her because she was wearing some sort of musky perfume and she had a trim little figure.
Quest: What did she look like?
Accountant: Blonde, very blonde, with long permed hair over her shoulders. She had a very pretty face with full red lips. And a great figure. Rounded, but not heavy or buxom. It was nicely shown off by one of those slit skirts and a blouse with no bra. It was summer as well and she wan't wearing any tights. My leg was rubbing against her tanned thigh as we sat there. I decided to make a move as I had nothing to lose, so I put my arm round her and kissed her.
Quest: How did she respond?
Accountant: Very well. She didn't try to pull away. We kissed quite passionately and I slipped my tongue into her warm mouth. It felt so sensuous running it around those beautiful teeth, and then nibbling her lips. That seemed to turn her on.
Quest: Did you go any further?
Accountant: A bit. We kissed for a while then I became a little more bold and moved my hand up to her boob. As I said she wasn't wearing a bra and I gently cupped my hand round one of them. It was beautifully firm, the sort that doesn't need a bra. As my fingers slid up I felt quite a large nipple go rock hard. That made me a bit bolder still and I started squeezing and stroking her boobs through her blouse before gently undoing it, button by button. It was a fantastic sight to see those wonderful boobs gradually come into view, first a hint of cleavage, then more and more until I saw them completely. There was a delightful white mark round them where she'd been wearing a bikini.
Quest: She was responding at this?
Accountant: Yes. She was beginning to get very turned on, especially when I began to kiss and gently suck on each nipple in turn. They were hard and brown with small little areolae. She was writhing on the sofa as I began to nibble them with my teeth. And then she reached for my cock and started rubbing me through my trousers. I was rock-hard by this time and was feeling quite uncomfortable. She made some comment about this, I forget exactly what, and unzipped me and took out my cock.
Quest: What did she do?
Accountant: She began to stroke me, up and down, rubbing the knob at the end with her thumb at the same time.
Quest: Did she say anything?
Accountant: Yes. Something about how long it had been since she'd had a man. Something like that, anyway. I didn't take much notice because it sounded like a lot of flannel to me, a good-looking bird like that not having boyfriends. Besides, I was too busy trying to hold off climaxing until I could get her into the bedroom. I suggested we go into my room where it would be more comfortable, but she seemed to panic at that and just worked me off even faster. Then, before I really knew what was happening she had buttoned up her blouse, given me a quick peck on the cheek and was off out the door.
Quest: What was your reaction?
Accountant: Very puzzled. But I hadn't had any great expectations at the beginning of the day, and I'd had a good hand job so I wasn't annoyed. I decided there could have been any number of reasons for her rushing off – guilt at being unfaithful to a boyfriend, wrong time of the month, whatever. Anyway, I was still feeling the effects of the wine and went to bed.
Quest: How did you come to see her again?
Accountant: The next day. I got up and noticed she'd left her handbag behind. I remembered which hotel she was staying at and rang her. I told her I'd got her bag and apologised if I'd done anything to upset her the night before. She seemed a little embarrassed at the mention of it, but said it was nothing I'd said or done and that it was just her. I told her it was a pity to part like that after we'd got on so well and invited her out to lunch.
Quest: Did she accept?
Accountant: Yes. We went to a quiet little restaurant and I got her talking to put her at her ease. I didn't mention the night before. I thought it better not to. But suddenly she said she thought she owed me an explanation. She sort of blurted it out, almost as if

she'd suddenly come to some sort of decision at that instant. Then she told me the story of how her fiancé had been killed and she'd not wanted another man since then. I think it was a sort of fear of becoming involved and having something like that happen again. She sort of just turned off.
Quest: Didn't she become frustrated and feel the need for a man?
Accountant: Yes, I suppose so. When I got to know her better she told me she'd contented herself with frigging herself off for six years. Imagine that. Apparently it's different for women. Not like us chaps who have a quick one off the wrist and that's it. With a vibrator or just their fingers, they can keep themselves on the brink for hours on end if they want to. And another thing she said that surprised me was that a lot of her friends who are married or have regular chaps do the same. They know exactly how to satisfy themselves. But she said that she was just beginning to need a man. Not just for sexual satisfaction, but for the emotional thing of cuddling, kissing and so on. That's where I came in. She found me attractive, she was a little drunk and the need was there.
Quest: Did she tell you all this in the restaurant?
Accountant: No. Only later when she knew me better. But she hinted at the broad outline that lunchtime. Or enough of a hint for me to ask her back to my place.
Quest: Did she agree?
Accountant: Yes. She said she'd suddenly become frightened the night before and that's why she left so quickly. But this time she promised not to run away.
Quest: Did you have sex?
Accountant: It was wonderful. She was like a bottle that had been uncorked after many years, really wild. I took her straight into my bedroom and slowly undressed her. She was wearing one of those dresses that zip down the front, so I pulled the zip down and pushed it off her shoulders. Underneath she was naked except for a pair of tight, flimsy white pants, just a wisp of cloth really. I kissed her lips and then gently ran my mouth and tongue down her neck, over her boobs, kissing and sucking on those gorgeous nipples. Then I sank my head lower and knelt in front of her, kissing her soft, warm stomach with its slight downy swell.
Quest: Did you perform oral sex on her?
Accountant: Oh yes. I nuzzled my face against the thin material of her pants. I could feel she was already damp down there and as I pushed my face against her crack through the pants I caught the strong musky scent of her sex. She began to moan as I pulled them down and kissed her crack. Then when I slipped my tongue inside and started to probe the beautiful folds of flesh she grabbed me by the hair and forced my face against her. I hit her button with my tongue and she almost exploded.
Quest: Did you have actual sex?
Accountant: And how. She was virtually begging me to fuck her by then, so I gently pushed her back onto the bed and stripped off. She didn't want any more foreplay, and just pulled me on top of her and guided me in. She was ready for me and as I slipped deep into her she climaxed almost immediately. I moved slowly in and out, just putting the tip in at first. Then I began to drive in, building her up to a tremendous climax.
Quest: She climaxed again?
Accountant: Yes. As I built up speed I lost control and went over the top. As I gushed into her in those wonderful spasms she climaxed as well.
Quest: Did you see her again?
Accountant: Yes. She seemed to get over the thing about not needing men and we saw quite a lot of each other. But we live so far apart it gradually fizzled out, though we are still good friends.
Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 3

PUBLIC RELATIONS EXECUTIVE, 25 years old, blonde, town of origin Stockport

The interviewee started work in PR after leaving college and now works for an agency. She is buying her own flat and currently lives alone.

Quest: Are you a career girl?
PR Executive: I never have liked that expression. I would say I was just a girl with a career.
Quest: But your work must keep you pretty busy?
PR Executive: Yes, I suppose it does. I do a great deal of travelling, supervising photo sessions on new products and talking to different people about their products – anything from bulldozers to cosmetics. I don't get much time at home, no.
Quest: But doesn't that affect your sex life?
PR Executive: Well I meet a lot of men in my job and I know hundreds of men who are friends.
Quest: But what about sexual relations?
PR Executive: Oh that. That's what this interview is really all about isn't it? No, like I say, I have a tremendous number of male friends and frankly that's all I have time for. I mean don't get me wrong. I'm not frigid or anything. I still fancy men, but when you have been in Leeds in the morning, Birmingham in the afternoon and have to be back in Leeds again the next day, you don't really want some man to keep you up half the night do you? I mean it is just not practical is it? I can't turn up at some important meeting, yawning, and saying, 'So sorry, darling, some delightful young man was banging me all night, I'm a bit tired.'
Quest: So you tend to avoid sex?
PR Executive: Don't say it like that you make me sound like some kind of freak or something. Quite a few of the girls I know don't – or at least not as often as seems fashionable these days. Anyway, I'm not entirely celibate, my dear, I do have Bill to keep me company.
Quest: Bill?
PR Executive: I thought that would perk you up a bit. He's an old friend actually, I've known him for years. But that isn't really the point. Even before I started, well you know, getting more serious with him, I don't see why not being in bed with a different man every night is so odd. I'd much rather have a decent meal with a new man than sex.
Quest: Have you always felt that?
PR Executive: No, I suppose not. When I was sixteen or so, I behaved in a way that you would probably regard as much more 'normal'. I easily had my share of one night stands and groping at parties. I was rather unfortunate, though I didn't see it like that at the time. [omitted]
Quest: Did you have sex that night?
PR Executive: Not with him, I don't think. But with lots of others. It was always the same, we were usually both drunk and it became a thing that had to be got out of the way. It was always clumsy, it often hurt and instead of waking up in that ecstasy you always see on television, it was with a feeling of guilt and an argument as to who was going to make the breakfast.
Quest: Do you think that these experiences have contributed to your current attitude about sex?
PR Executive: Yes, that is more than likely, now I come to think of it. I remember what you might call the turning point when I was about eighteen. I had spent the evening with a bloke I quite fancied and we had had a great meal and were back at his place for the euphemistic cup of coffee. It had been very enjoyable up until then and I was quite looking forward to him making love to me. But to cut a long story short, that night as he came down on me and started screwing, I suddenly realised how bloody stupid the whole thing was. I remember thinking, so this is it. The greatest taboo in the Western World and supposedly the most enjoyable

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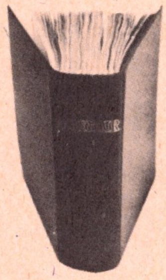

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act possible and what is it? Two people stuffed to the gills with Italian food and cheap red wine pumping up and down, our breath reeking and both of us scared we won't do it well enough. God, there must be more to life than this. Of course, he was most upset. He said I hadn't responded and all that stuff you read in the manuals. I tried to explain but he didn't understand a word.

Quest: It was then that you stopped having sex regularly?

PR Executive: I've never had it regularly. For a few years I had it *frequently* but never regularly. But I do see what you mean, I suppose that was it, I just kept thinking what a cheap sort of thing it was, how you kept assessing people by their physique or sexual ability rather than their personality and so I decided that I would try and find a career where I could meet lots of people and where I would be treated as a person with ideas of my own, rather than a girl with big tits.

Quest: Is this where you met Bill?

PR Executive: No, it isn't actually. I have known Bill for ever, seemingly. He was the son of friends of my parents and we went to school together. We never had a relationship in the sexual sense at all, until recently. He was always a shoulder-to-cry-on-type figure and when I was going through that stage I just told you about, he was the only one I confided in. It was all adolescent Nobody Loves Me stuff, but he was always there. Then we lost contact for a few years, whilst I was trying to become the best thing in PR, since Saatchi and Saatchi, until one day he rang up out of the blue. He invited me out for a drink and we went to a small pub that I know. I had come straight from work and was all done up in my suit and everything. For the first hour it was awful. I kept showing off, almost treating him as a client and then suddenly it all collapsed. There was I, 22 year old PR Executive, with the best agency in town and I found myself confiding in him just as I had done when I was at school. I was quite embarrassed but he didn't seem to mind at all. That night he took me back to his place for coffee and offered me the chance to stay. I said no almost immediately and he didn't argue. As I left though, he gave me the fullest, most tender kiss I have ever experienced and said, Thanks, it was fun. I went home almost in tears. It was the first time I had regretted not having sex.

Quest: What happend after that?

PR Executive: We met quite often; he always offered me sex and I always refused. Then one day he had asked and I had said no, and instead of accepting it as usual he asked why. I stammered a reply about being good friends and not ruining it and so on, but he simply said, it doesn't have to you know, and gave me another of those amazing kisses. At first I was confused, this was going against all my previous principles, but somehow I trusted him, but already I had said, Not tonight, and was on the way out. As I left, he caught me in the door and said, Someday though, and I smiled. It sent my mind whirling as to what to do. I nearly didn't see him again, in case he tried it on. Then some weeks later I met him again. I had just had a bloody awful day at work and was telling him about it. He put his hand on my knee, reassuringly and then said, Never mind, love, you can do it, and kissed me long and hard. I was surprised, he hadn't been so openly passionate before and I looked straight at him accusingly. But in his eyes there was no hint of the desperation of my teenage lovers. No lust or cheap desire to get his end away, but a look of genuine caring. Suddenly he was kissing me again, this time our mouths opening as we worked greedily at one another. One thing led to another and yet it all seemed perfectly natural for the first time. His hand slid up my thigh to my skirt, which was too long and sensible for easy access, yet his fingers were soon at my knickers sliding into the hot, wet hair beyond. Meanwhile, my lips had moved down his chest leaving little red marks as I tenderly kissed his muscular body. Come on, I think we had better get back to my place, he smiled, they'll never let us in again. We took a taxi, and even there I could not restrain my feelings. It had been many years, there was going to be no stopping now. Despite his protests, I started to undo the zip of his trousers, right there in the cab. It was difficult with the bumps in the road, but I have a feeling that the driver suspected something, because he started slowing down. I had got his penis out now and was beginning to caress its length with my fingers. It was an amateurish attempt but obviously he had not indulged much either for after only a few motions of my hands on his firm cock, it exploded, spouting with the force of pent up emotion. Suddenly I noticed the taxi had stopped and as I looked up the cabbie said, Sorry, Miss, we're here. £2.10 please. Sorry, driver, stammered Bill breathlessly, giving him a fiver. Keep it, he yelled as we disappeared into his flat. As soon as we got in, we were at it again. This time he was unbuttoning my white blouse and feeling the firm swell of my breasts. But now I knew what I wanted. I started to undo the zip of my skirt and pulled it down. His fingers moved there instinctively. No, properly, I whispered. He smiled, knowing that he had finally found a way around my previous fear. Pulling me down on top of him, he began to fill me. It had been such a long time since I had felt anything inside me, and yet this was like nothing I had had before. It was a slow, confident movement with no pain but a deeply thrilling sensation that only comes from knowing that there is more to its purpose than just a late-night fuck. I couldn't help but let out a great sigh as he slid in me and as he moved I grabbed and clutched at him deliriously. His movements continued to be gentle and slow, and on his breath not the smell of cheap wine, but the words, You're fantastic, Caroline, fantastic. We came together, a fabulous crescendo to an amazing evening. Later he said, There, it doesn't always have to spoil things does it? I smiled, he knew the answer.

Quest: Do you still have regular sex?

PR Executive: Like I say, there is nothing regular about it. Occasional and very satisfying. I know he means it and there is no obligation. Perhaps now you understand why I don't do it with just anyone.

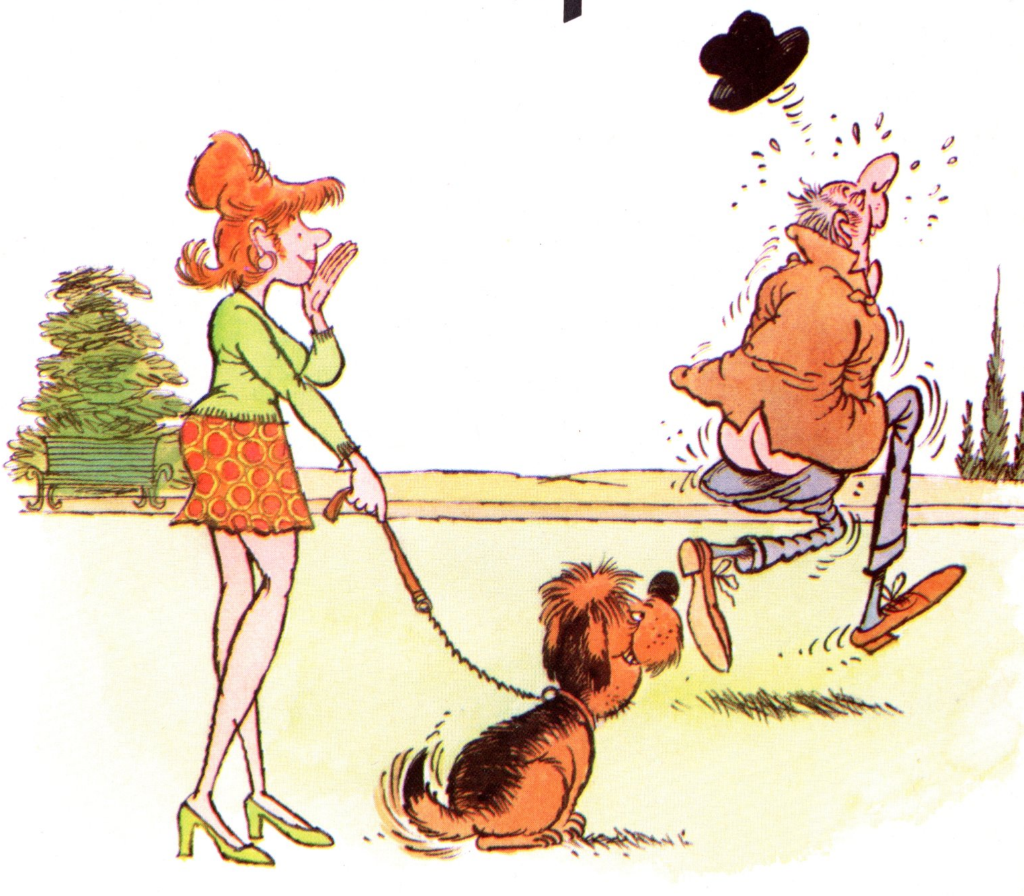
Quest: Thank you very much.

ILLUSTRATION BY GRAHAM ALLEN

The Hilarious History of the Classic Cock-up

However much you stumble in life, the annals of ill-luck are strewn with excruciating examples of bigger blunders

by Bill Bryson



A flasher in Melbourne made the mistake of exposing himself to a woman out walking her dog.

The next time you lock yourself out of the house, forget the wife's birthday or launch into an imitation of your boss only to discover that he's standing right behind you, you might wish to spare a thought for Charles Balke of Dayton, Ohio. Whilst trying to put the family car into the garage, Mr Balke managed to drive across three lawns and through two fences and to hit a house, three garages and four parked cars before coming to an abrupt halt against a tree. Now that's *real* bungling.

Or you might wish to reflect on the case of the flasher in Melbourne who made the mistake of exposing himself to a woman out walking her dog. The dog jumped up and nipped him smartly on a most critical part of his anatomy. At last report, police were looking for a man of about 50 with a distinctive waddle.

Or Donald Bollman of Trenton, New Jersey. Intending to use the toilet of a friend's caravan as they were speeding down the Pennsylvania Turnpike, he opened the wrong door and fell out onto the highway.

In short, no matter how seemingly enormous your own mistakes, there is always someone who has done the same thing worse. Here then is a sampling of blunders from which you may wish to draw some comfort the next time you arrive on the Costa Brava only to remember that you've left the bath water running back home in Scunthorpe.

Just before going away on holiday, a Los Angeles businessman gave instructions to a sign writer on how he wanted the lettering to read on some office doors he was having painted. 'Put John Cladd, Incorporated on the front door,' he said, 'and on the side door you can put the same as on the front door.' On his return from his holiday, the businessman went to have a look at the doors. The front door said: 'JOHN CLADD, INCORPORATED.' On the side door it said: 'THE SAME AS ON THE FRONT DOOR.'

After forecasting milder weather, meteorologist Lawrence Smith was stranded for 21 hours at the airport in Amarillo, Texas, by a blizzard and five feet of snow.

Six days after being released from jail, Irishman Edward McAlea bought a realistic-looking toy pistol, burst into a watchmaker's shop in Liverpool and announced: 'This is a stick-up!' To his annoyance, no one took him very seriously – principally because the 37-year-old McAlea had neglected to remove the cork from the barrel of the gun. At his subsequent trial, the judge said: 'This can only be described as a bungling, amateurish incident,' and gave McAlea another 30 months in jail to work out a more promising approach to crime.

After sheepishly confessing that he had never taken a test for a motorcycle licence, Priem Rozenberg of Maastrich, Holland, who was a member of the Dutch national motorcycle team, a former national all-round champion and three times winner of the Monaco motorcycle trophy, agreed to undergo an examination. He failed.

When it was suggested to the Mexican national telegraph service in 1955 that a night service might not be a bad idea, a spokesman replied with irrefutable logic: "I'm afraid that would be impossible. Our offices are closed at night."

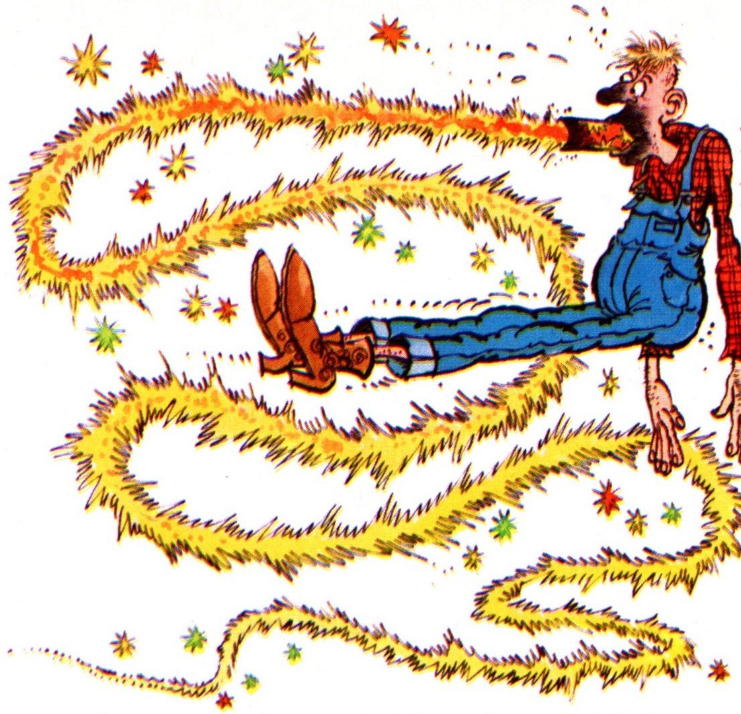
In a boneheaded move that would take some beating, a 43-year-old man in Knoxville, Tennessee, put a two-inch firecracker in his mouth and lit it in the belief that it was a cigarette. Before it occurred to him that cigarettes are not as a rule equipped with fuses that sizzle brightly, the firecracker went off, with entirely regrettable consequences. From his hospital bed the man announced his intention to give up smoking – of all kinds.

In Chicago, motorist John Glasser was given a ticket for driving the wrong way down a one-way street. About an hour later, while driving in the opposite direction down the same street, he was stopped again by a different policeman and given another ticket for driving the wrong way down a one-way street. It turned out that the municipal employees had put up the one-way sign the wrong way the first time, but had corrected their mistake by the time Glasser returned to the street. His reaction to the two tickets was unrecorded.

After 47 years of absolutely faultless

driving, a Parisien motorist decided at the age of 84 to keep his record unblemished forever by letting his 69-year-old wife do the driving henceforth. He bought her a new car and on the same day they went to a nearby shopping centre. After his wife had parked, however, the man noticed that the car was not so neatly aligned in its space as he would have liked. So while his wife went off to begin the shopping he slid behind the wheel. Since it was a new car, the Frenchman was unfamiliar with the controls and he stepped on the accelerator when he meant to depress the clutch. The car shot through a hedge, bumped across the street, went up on the pavement on the opposite side and hit a woman pedestrian – his wife.

A 70-year-old woman in Tel Aviv, Israel, foiled a purse snatcher by ripping off his trousers. The hapless thief was last seen disappearing into the crowd in his underpants.



A man in Tennessee smoked a two-inch firecracker in the belief it was a cigarette.

While driving with her two young sons from Melbourne to Sydney late one night, an Australian lady found the road surface suddenly and unaccountably bumpy, but she decided to press on. Several minutes later, the car bumped into something solid and came to a stop. Getting out to see what it was, the woman discovered she had driven half a mile into the depths of a coal mine.

After driving 200 miles from London to Cornwall in a hired car, an American woman tourist complained to authorities that the engine had made mysterious roaring noises, dashboard lights had flashed insistently and the car had refused to go more than about 45 miles an hour. On top of this, petrol consumption had been so appallingly prodigious that she had had to stop six times for refills. A brief investigation revealed that she had driven the whole 200 miles of the journey in second gear.

A novice bank robber in Detroit hit on the novel tactic of using his mother as his getaway driver without telling her, as she dropped him off outside, that it was his intention to rob the place. His plans were foiled, however, when he emerged laden with money five minutes later to discover that his mother had decided to park the car and go do some shopping.

In 1955, the US Army 81st Reconnaissance Battalion learned that because the Army Heraldic Branch had confused the latin words 'parere' and 'parare,' for four years the battalion's motto had read 'To see is to submit' instead of the somewhat more valiant 'To see is to prepare.'

In Mozambique, workmen constructing an extension to a seven-year-old hospital knocked down a wall and discovered a forgotten maternity ward and about £10,000 worth of equipment. Authorities said they would investigate how the ward had come to be walled up – and why no one had missed it.

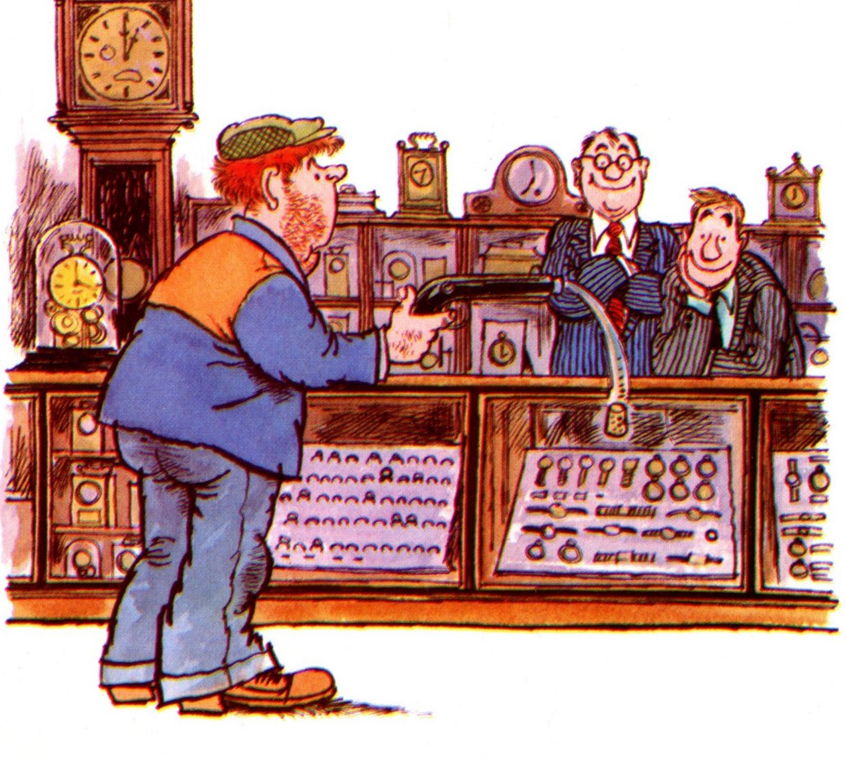
A painstaking thief in Texas had his fingerprints surgically removed. Apparently it had not occurred to him that this would make him the only person in Texas with perfectly smooth fingerprints and ten small oval graft scars on his chest. Police arrested him soon after.

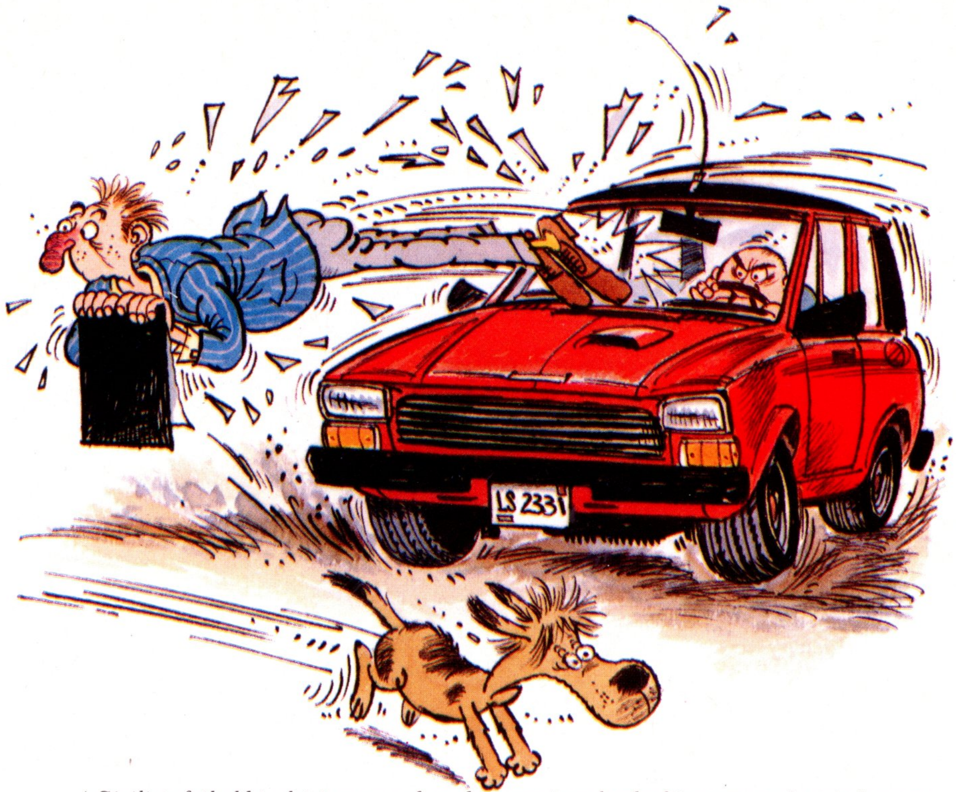
In a misplaced show of international cooperation, American David Quillin, aged 31, and Englishman Stephen Lilley, 29, decided to rob the central post office in Doncaster. After carefully casing the joint and making elaborate plans, the two donned disguises, armed themselves with imitation guns and moved in. To their chagrin, they found that it was early closing day and the post office was shut. So they went away and came back the next afternoon, but lost their nerve and spent so much time standing around outside that a passer-by became suspicious and called the police. The two departed before the police arrived.

On the third day, the police were waiting and pounced on the two would-be criminals as soon as they entered. By brandishing their toy pistols, however, the hapless robbers managed to take the policemen captive and led them off to their van in a nearby car park. Shoving the policemen in the back of the van, Quillin and Lilley climbed in and screeched off for the exit. Unfortunately, they couldn't find it. By the time they located it, another police car had pulled in front of it and they were forced to ram it out of the way in order to effect an escape.

There followed a 20-mile high-speed chase through the surrounding countryside, with the two would-be crooks crashing into another police car and scattering a group of people at a bus stop by driving at them down the pavement at 80 miles an hour.

An Irishman's hold-up went wrong when he forgot to remove the cork from the barrel of the gun.





A Sicilian failed his driving test when the examiner broke his nose on the windscreen.

Joining in the spirit of the thing, two police cars crashed head-on. After scattering another group of bus passengers, the two crooks brought the excitement to a close by crashing into a lamp post.

When arrested, Quillin said with more accuracy than profundity: 'Hey, this is unreal.' At the subsequent trial, the two men's barrister pointed out – somewhat unnecessarily, it would seem – that the men were not professional gangsters. The two were sentenced to 12 years in prison.

When her cooker stopped working, Mrs Carol Allen of Nottingham called the gas board. A repairman arrived, diagnosed the complaint, told Mrs Allen it would take about two weeks to get the right part and left. Two weeks later, Mrs Allen received an apologetic card explaining that the part was proving harder to obtain than expected. Weeks dragged by. Mrs Allen complained with increasing firmness and at last – after three months – another repairman arrived with the spare part. It turned out to be the wrong one. A new one would have to be ordered, the repairman said, and left.

Two more months passed with more complaints and more apologies and at last the correct spare part was obtained. A third repairman came, examined the cooker briefly and told Mrs Allen that the spare part wasn't necessary after all. He made a minor adjustment and the cooker was working like new again. 'We're terribly sorry about this,' blushed a spokesman for the gas board.

In what was described as a textbook case of mistaken identity, five off-duty law enforcement officers in San Rafael, California, became engaged in an enthusiastic shootout with one another. In the early hours of April 26, 1979, Larry Williams, a federal agent, and James Cook, a local police officer, were looking for a wallet in a car park outside a bar where they had been drinking. A few minutes later three other officers – a San Mateo policeman, a military policeman and a California Justice Department agent – emerged from another bar and, on spying Cook and Williams, immediately concluded that the two were looking for cars to break into. (Why else would they be bent over in a car park searching the ground?) On the other hand, Cook and Williams, when they saw three men approaching, assumed they were about to be set upon by thugs.

Both groups later claimed to have identified themselves and that the other did not. In any case – and as sometimes happens when American lawmen get together – revolvers were drawn and the night lit up with gunfire. Remarkably, considering that the five men were standing only a few feet from each other, injuries were kept to a minimum, with one man cutting his head and two others sustaining superficial wounds to the legs. 'Thank God they were all lousy shots,' sighed San Rafael Police Chief Frank Benaderet afterwards.

A 44-year-old mechanic was lying headfirst down the barrel of a fun-fair cannon when it went off. The startled man was thrown fifty feet over a wall but escaped with minor injuries.

In order to comply with Common Market regulations, the Republic of Ireland advertised in 1976 for an official to administer the country's sex equality laws. The advertisement offered a higher salary for a man than a woman.

During the second world war, a certain General Balbo, an officer in the Italian Air Force, suffered the not inconsiderable ignominy of being shot down by his own gunners as he came in to land at his own airfield.

In 1972, the mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, Ralph J. Perk, managed to set his hair on fire with a welding torch while officially opening an office building in the city.

In 1976, a building company in Ireland managed to erect an entire squash court without considering until after work was completed and the men were preparing to go home how they were going to remove a huge cement mixer, which was still inside. A wall had to be knocked down and rebuilt to get it out.

After completing his driving test, Sicilian businessman Salvatore Asero was miffed to learn that the examiner had failed him for a host of reasons, but principally because his emergency stop had been poorly executed. Asero was so upset, in fact, that he leapt on the accelerator before the examiner could get out of the car and took the terrified official on a 70-mile-an-hour spin through the narrow streets of Catania. After half an hour of this, Asero suddenly shouted: 'Here's an emergency stop for you!' and jumped on the brakes with such vehemence that the examiner was thrown against the windscreen and broke his nose. Stumbling from the car, the examiner mumbled: 'You made all the same mistakes again,' and failed Asero a second time. Asero was arrested and charged with terrorizing a driving examiner – a charge not often invoked even in Sicily.

Mrs Judith Lindsay, her children and invalid aunt were quietly going about their business at their home in Leesburg, Virginia, one day in 1979 when all hell broke loose. Bullets started tearing into their home, shattering windows, ripping into furniture and knocking huge chunks out of the walls. Dropping to the floor, Mrs Lindsay had the presence of mind to call the sheriff and then led her children and aunt down to the basement.

Sheriff Robert W Legard – not a man to take these things lightly – rounded up fifteen men and hastily led his posse to the Lindsay household. But they too were pinned down by the mysterious snipers, who ignored all calls to surrender. Eventually the sheriff's men were able to outflank and capture the snipers – which was not really all that difficult since the gunmen had no idea they had been sniping. Alan Goodpasture and his friend Ralph Hunn had only been target shooting at a bale of hay on Goodpasture's nearby property. They didn't realise that the bullets had been passing through the bale and causing serious consternation at the Lindsay household. Because they had been wearing ear protectors, they also had been unaware that they had been holding off a unit of men armed with riot guns. A sheepish Goodpasture was charged with reckless use of firearms.

Without telling her husband, Norwegian housewife Ingrid Valder got a part-time job as a telephone operator. When her husband failed to recognise her voice on the phone and tried to arrange a blind date with her, she sent her brothers to beat him up.

Taking haplessness to its extreme, a woman managed to jump from the eighty-sixth floor of the Empire State Building in

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The EEC directed that peas should be graded according to how many in the pod.

The Hilarious History of the Classic Cock-up
continued from page 176

New York and not die. Winds gusting at up to 30 miles an hour blew her back towards the building and she landed on a ledge just one floor down. She was rescued with a broken leg.

In 1979, officials of the European Economic Community issued a directive that henceforth peas still in their pods should be graded into two categories, based on the number of peas in each pod. Apparently it did not occur to the Brussels bureaucrats that it is not possible to tell how many peas are in a pod without first taking them out of the pod.

During a safe driving demonstration before an audience of 8,000 in Chesterfield, two police cars suffered the not inconsiderable embarrassment of crashing head-on.

When 87-year-old Henning Nilsson, the gardener at a mental hospital in Koserat, Sweden decided to retire after 30 years, he broached the subject of a pension with the hospital's administrators. They smiled tolerantly and explained to him that as a patient he could neither expect a pension nor retire. When Nilsson pointed out to them that he was not a patient, but had been providing his services without pay since 1949, the administrators' faces fell. A hasty search through records confirmed that Nilsson had never been admitted. After a whispered discussion, the administrators came up with a solution – and presented Nilsson with a bill for thirty years' worth of board and lodgings.

The US Department of Agriculture decided to change the name of the Alfred Packer Dining Room in one of its buildings after it was brought to the department's attention that Alfred Packer was a Colorado prospector who was jailed in 1874 for killing and eating five people.

Frenchman Paul Hubert of Bordeaux languished in prison in solitary confinement for 21 years from 1863 to 1884 until someone discovered that through a monumental judicial mistake he had been convicted of killing himself.

Police in Palo Alto, California, arrested suspected embezzler Dale Reid, aged 31, as he stood admiring his own wanted poster in a local post office.

A woman in Hamburg decided, as a birthday treat for her husband, to jump naked out of a cupboard when he arrived home from work at their second-storey flat. Startled, the husband stumbled backwards, tripped over a chair and fell out the window. He recovered.

Getting on a New York underground train, an unidentified businessman was bumped into by a departing passenger. Instinctively, the businessman felt for his wallet and found it was gone. Quickly he reached out and grabbed the man who had bumped him, but the doors shut on his arm. As the train began to move, the businessman dragged the struggling man down the platform with it, but finally had to release his hold. Cursing his ill-fortune, he went on to work. Shortly after arriving at his office, the businessman's wife called to tell him he had left his wallet on the bedroom dressing table.

Hurrying to aid a man who had broken his arm by stumbling in the dark and falling into a stream, a doctor in Charmes, France, broke his arm by stumbling in the dark and falling into the same stream.

During a holdup at a supermarket in the Bronx, robber Dexter Sturges left behind a distinctive calling card – his wooden leg. The dummy appendage, complete with a white sock and a black suede shoe, dropped off at a critical stage in the proceedings and Sturges was forced to make a somewhat undignified getaway, hopping out of the store and across the car park on one leg. Police arrested him a short way away.

Caught up in a fiery sermon, the Rev Albert Cook of Puttenham got too close to a candle and had to be saved by his congregation as his vestments went up in flames.

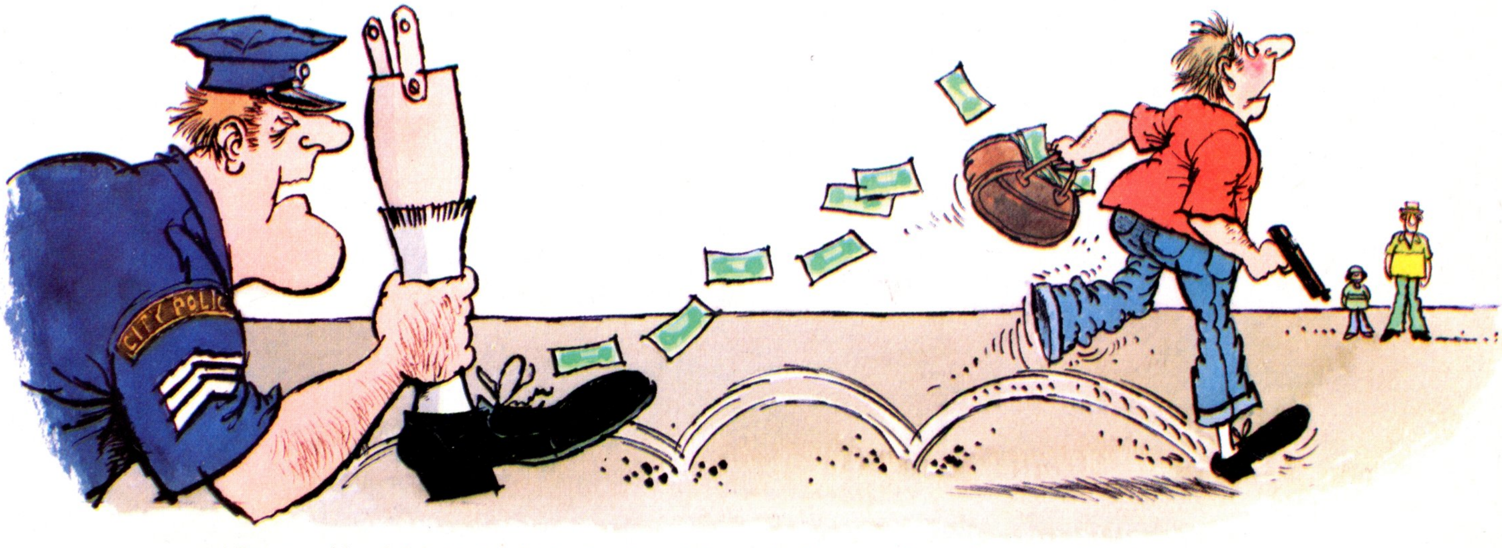
Attendants at a petrol station in Jonesboro, Arkansas, were startled when a woman driver – who was subsequently charged with drunkenness – arrived pulling an empty van, its front bumper locked with the rear bumper of her own vehicle. 'I think you should check that guy behind me,' she whispered blearily, 'I think he's drunk.'

In Philadelphia in 1974, a Mr Frank Speck underwent an operation to make him sterile. Several months later his wife became pregnant. She went to a second doctor for an abortion. Shortly afterwards she gave birth to a seven-pound girl. The Specks filed suits against both doctors.

Play was temporarily halted at the Indonesian National Badminton Championships in 1979 when an over-zealous competitor, trying to make a deft shot through his legs, whacked himself in an extremely delicate spot and passed out.

With an impressive lack of planning coordination, the builders of a railroad between St Louis and Jefferson City, Missouri, sent 200 passengers on an inaugural run in November 1855 and discovered only after the train failed to appear at Jefferson City that no one had got around to connecting the two ends of a bridge over the Gasconade River.

And extracting the final indignity from the subject is the unusual approach to do-it-yourself dentistry, by Ernesto Erosa, a farmer in Uruguay. He decided to attack a nagging toothache by shooting away the offending incisor with a .22-calibre pistol. The exercise was a limited success. Erosa got the tooth all right, but also managed to blow away his lowerlip, his jaws and both gums.



A Bronx robber left behind a distinctive clue – his wooden leg, complete with sock and black suede shoe.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

'Until I met you, I was pure,'
Cried the girl at the party next door,
'But now I'm undone
And, by God, it was fun.
Be a dear and undo me some more!'

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Mr Wallace couldn't cope with the Christmas rush at his shop, so he decided that he must employ an assistant. After seeing many applicants, he chose a voluptuous 18-year-old girl. On her first day, he set her the task of filling up shelves and he went about serving the customers. As she was working, he began to admire her body and then to his surprise, as she brushed past him on the way to the storeroom, she stroked his equipment. Mr Wallace broke into a cold sweat and continued serving.
But only a few minutes later, she brushed past him again, this time undoing his flies. Mr Wallace gasped. Then she squeezed past him a third time, this time taking his penis out and with a dexterous movement gave him a quick hand job by the till. At that moment, a customer walked in and saw Mr Wallace with a broad grin on his face.
'He looks very pleased with himself,' commented the customer. 'Oh yes,' replied the assistant, 'he's just come into some money.'

A woman went to her solicitors to complain that every time she had intercourse with her husband it was too painful to bear.
'It's awful,' she cried. 'You see, he is enormous, simply enormous.'
'In that case,' replied the solicitor, 'all I can suggest is that you file your petition.'
'Certainly not,' replied the wife angrily, 'let him sand-paper his.'

'It's no fun being on the end of the foot,' grumbled a big toe at a conference for parts of the body. 'Up every morning, shoved into a smelly sock, then put into a cramped shoe and made to stay there all day. Then at night, I'm taken out, and left in front of the fire until I start burning.'
'Hear, hear,' cried the other toes in the auditorium.
'If you think that's bad, you should be a penis,' cried the Honourable Member in the corner. 'I spend all the day when I should be awake inside a pair of underpants. Then at night whilst I should be asleep, I'm woken up, thrust into a plastic bag and then forced to do press ups until I'm sick.'

Three honeymoon couples found themselves using adjacent rooms in the same hotel, each with a verandah outside. As the first couple went to bed, the husband noticed something.
'What enormous buttocks you've got!' he exclaimed. His wife was naturally upset and sent him out onto the verandah to shut him up. When he was out there he suddenly noticed one of the other husbands who had also been banished outside.
'What are you doing out here?' asked the first husband.
'Well, as my wife was undressing, I just happened to comment on what huge tits she had, and she ordered me out here.'
The first husband laughed and told his story. Then, to their surprise, the third husband also appeared on the balcony. The first husband smiled.
'Don't tell me, you put your foot in it as well.'
'No, but I could have done,' replied the husband, 'it's big enough.'

At a Christmas fancy dress party, a man went up to a gorgeous blonde dressed in a bright red satin dress, red hat and shiny red leather boots.
'Hi there,' said the man, 'and what have you come as?'
'Dying embers, darling, and if somebody doesn't poke me soon, I'm going out.'

Johnny was having a tough time at school because he was poor at arithmetic, so he found a way of cheating.
'What's two plus two, Johnny?'
'Four,' he replied counting on his fingers.
'And three plus three?' continued the teacher.
'Six,' replied Johnny having again done the sum on his hands.
'Now, Johnny, you're cheating again. I can see you using your fingers. Put them in your pocket at once. Now what's five plus five?'
Johnny shuffled around.
'Eh, eleven, Miss', he replied.

This Christmas, it has just been announced that the Post Office are to publish their own version of the Kama Sutra. It has one hundred positions, ninety-eight of which are closed.

A gentleman walked into a smart pub and demanded a pint of beer. When it arrived, it had a very deep head on it and the man looked at it in disgust.
'Excuse me, barman, do you think you could possibly squeeze a double scotch in this pint?'
'Why certainly, sir,' smiled the barman.
'Oh good. Well, would you mind filling that gap with beer, please.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

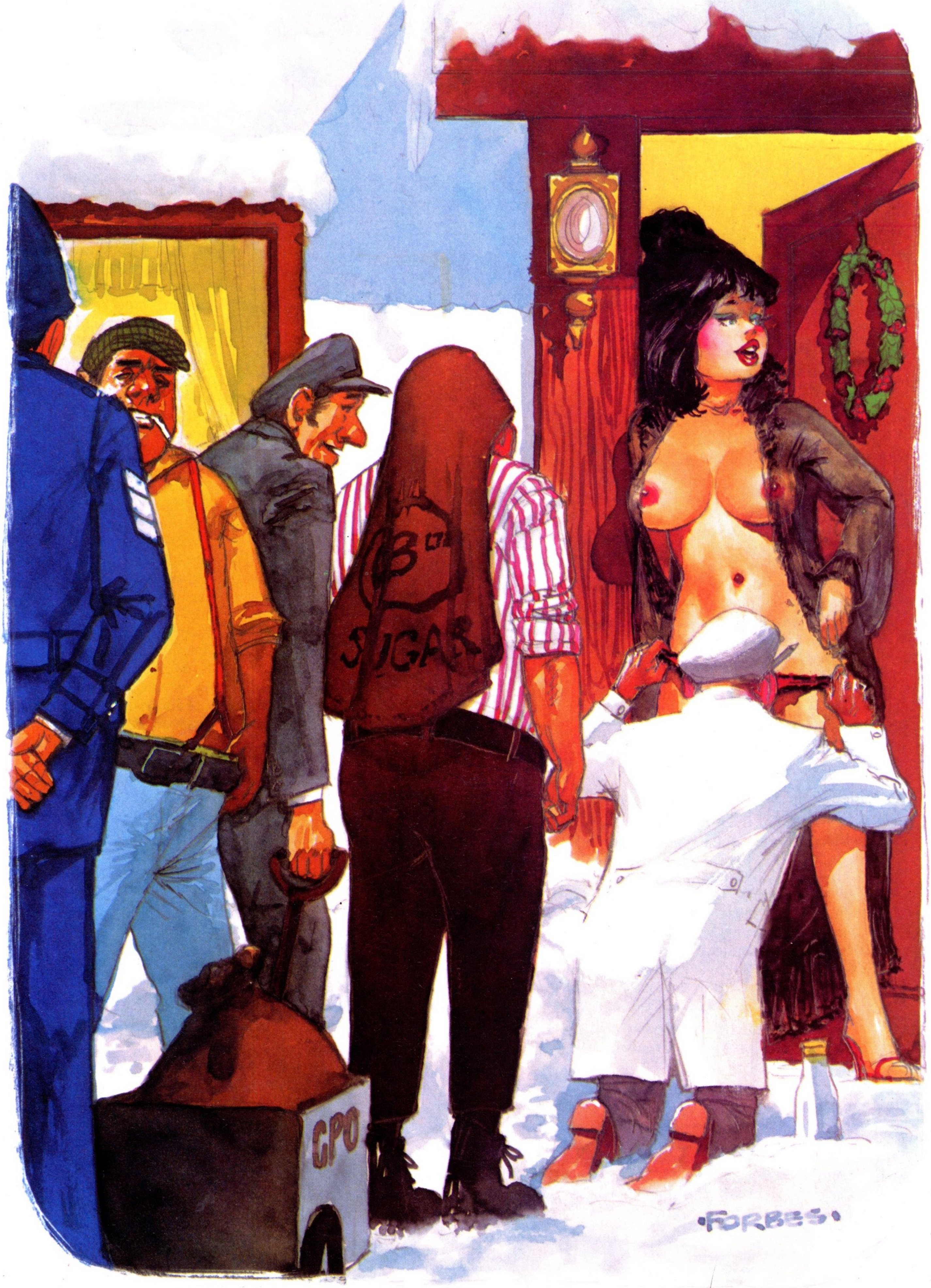
The Modern Ms

What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

'Have you noticed, old boy, that a lot of this sentimental mishmash has dropped out of Christmas. Glad to see the back of all that Christmas card nonsense with robins and stagecoaches for a start. My young neice even got one the other day showing Santa with a damn' great hard-on, would you believe? She was very proud of it. Showed it to me, the young minx.'

Conversation overheard between two venerable members at the Reform Club



'Just giving the – er – Milkman his Christmas box, darling. . . .'

CARRIE

Carrie slips up but it's snow joke for the German pranksters

SLIP!
THUD!
RUMBLE!
AAAAARRRGGH!
STEVE KINGSTON